The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

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A. E. F. MEN CARRY $1,250,000,000 IN WAR POLICIES

Soldiers Subscribe for 150 Millions in Final Month of Campaign

SALES MADE UNDER FIRE

Officer Agents Do Business That Home Boosters Are Lucky to Get in Lifetime

PARTIES TRAVEL GYPSY STYLE

Last Chance Spurt Takes Insurance Sellers to Every Part of France and into England

One hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of insurance underwritten in 30 days, a total of a billion and a quarter held by members of the American Expeditionary Forces—these tremendous figures spell the achievement of the War Risk Insurance Bureau.

They mark, too, the concrete accomplishment of a band of insurance agents—a score of officers and sizable little group of enlisted men—who between March 12 and April 12 covered every part of France where an American soldier was to be found, not to mention England, and waged a policy getting campaign whose equal has never been seen in Europe and has only been exceeded once in America. And it was exceeded in America because there are many, many more American soldiers in the States to talk insurance to than there are over here.

Not only has that little band of War Risk boomers accomplished a feat that would put them at the top notch of their profession in the United States, and make the president of every insurance company go down on his knees to get them, but they have enjoyed a whole set of experiences unique in the annals of their profession.

Policies Sold Under Shell Fire

They have been to the front. They have said "Sign here, please," when the intending signer—along with the agent—might be plumped out of the door by a Hun shell before he could get to the ink bottle. They have been, some of them, in the insurance sense, mighty poor risks. But as they were soldiers first and insurance men afterward, or rather because their soldiering consisted in insurancing, they stuck to their combined jobs, boomed Uncle Sam's policies, and sold them. And they all came back to their headquarters, bringing with them or wiring ahead of them a mass of figures which, taken together, exceeded even the rosy expectations of their chiefs by about 50 per cent.

The campaign was originally intended to close February 12, but, thanks to a joint resolution of Congress, the time was extended to April 12, allowing 60 days of grace for men who had not taken policies or who wished to increase the amount of those they already held.

Plans were thereupon laid to wage a vigorous campaign beginning March 12. The territory, wherever it might be, occupied by the American E. F. was divided into districts of convenient size for one of the parties to be sent out.

They traveled, many of them, in true gypsy style. They camped out at night, slept in the cars or light trucks loaned them by the Red Cross—and War Risk officials were loud in their praise of the helping hand lent them by the Red Cross—and cooked their own meals. It was something an insurance man had probably never done before, but they were aiming at a goal that no insurance man had ever before so much as dreamed of reaching.

Entire Field Covered

To do this it was necessary to go over the entire field as though it had never been touched before. It was necessary to reach men who had already taken out protection, and also those who had not yet taken out the limit of $10,000.

The biggest task before them was the base ports and the adjacent rest camps. Here, at the neck of the bottle, they talked War Risk Insurance to men who had just come over and had not yet gone through that process of splitting up that would scatter the organizations in a dozen different directions.

They had their spiels, like all insurance men. And their chief argument with the new arrivals was this:—

"You have a policy for $5,000. You think it's enough. You say it's a lot more than a whole lot of prosperous business men back home have taken out in their whole lives. All right. But you're getting three dollars a month more than you did back home, aren't you? That three dollars will pay your premium on $5,000 more. Boost that policy to $10,000. Your pocketbook will never feel it."

The new arrivals saw the logic of it right away. And they paid out their overseas raise in wages to prove it.

The task at the base ports, however, was not an easy one. There were all kinds of company records to be gone through in search of the men to be reached, for the number was of course relatively small when compared with the whole number in a unit.

It will continue to be small, for hereafter the insurance privilege, by the terms of the original act, will be only open to those who have been in the service less than 120 days. And most of America's Franceward bound soldiers have been in the service considerably longer than that—long enough to learn their trade and to take out War Risk Insurance back home.

What the Total Means

It is difficult for one who has not been bred in the insurance game to appreciate the prodigious total piled up by these soldier-salesmen. The average amount underwritten by each team was in excess of $7,000,000. This represents only a month's work.

At home an agent who underwrites a million a year is such a big man that he draws more pay than the president of his company—also there are mighty few of them. Men who sell from a quar-

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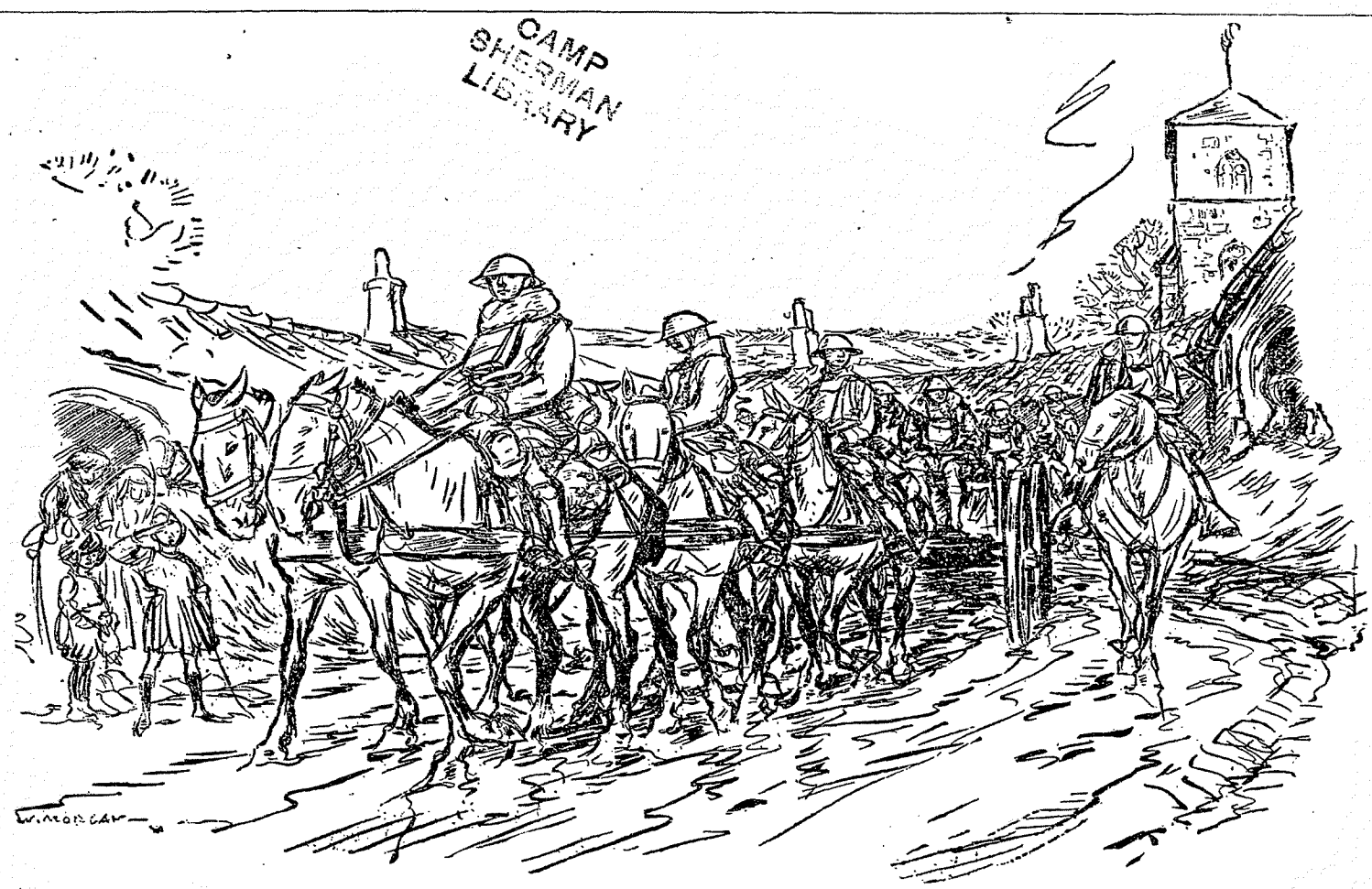
"THE YANKS ARE COMING!"



FRECKLES IN FRANCE? THEY DON'T GROW 'EM

War Orphans' Campaign Manager Falls Down on Important Order—Fifty Mascots Now Adopted by A.E.F.

Fifty!

That is the total now for the adoption of French war orphans by American soldiers in France.

Fifty in three weeks—fifty in the first three weeks since THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to enable military units of the A.E.F. to take as their war-time mascots children of French soldiers killed or permanently disabled in battle, or homeless because of the invasions of the Germans. And more requests are coming in by every mail.

Almost every branch of the service is represented in this week's contributors, and every rank up to, and including, as the statisticians say, that of major-general.

Big Week for Officers

Yes, a major general commanding an army corps found time to look up from his orders and his maps and contribute to a 500 franc fund gathered by the members of his staff, and, as a result, some little French girl is going to have as her group of fairy god-fathers men not only with bars on their shoulders, but leaves and eagles and stars as well.

Officers were particularly generous this week. Two aviation officers—Lieutenants John P. Healey and Frank C. Osborn—each adopted a child in his own behalf. The squadron to which each is assigned, it may be said, was represented earlier. The officers assigned and attached to Company A, — Engineers, Topographical Section, also asked for a mascot.

Army field clerks adopted two children. Five of them, assigned to the office of the Inspector General, France, sent in their contribution and asked for a little girl "near enough so they can visit her once in a while." The 18 field clerks of the American Section, Supreme War Council, also took a child.

This makes a total of three for the crossed-quills men, the clerks of the Intelligence Section, G.H.Q., numbering 48, having adopted Child No. 4 two weeks ago.

At the Intelligence Section, incidentally, they had difficulty in deciding just what sort of an orphan they wanted to adopt. There seemed to be about as much division of opinion as there is in the German Reichstag. There was a "girl party" and a "boy party" and they were so even that it took a written vote to decide in favor of a boy. The male sex won by one ballot.

This Started Something

At last they requested a boy—a red headed, freckled faced youngster. At the Red Cross, where the committee is doing its best to fill all specifications sent in, they threw up their hands. They finally found that there had been a red headed, freckled face boy in France once, but that his father had taken him back to Ireland. So they selected a blonde.

The aviation service is leading the list in the number of children adopted. Last week the aero squadrons at one aviation instruction center took 12, and this week, in addition to the two youngsters adopted individually by aviation lieutenants, three other squadrons contributed for the support of an orphan each.

Supply Sergeant Thomas Martinetti of a certain school forwarded a money order on behalf of his company and said: "This school is only in its infancy, but when we get going you can depend on us to come through with a crash."

Supply Company, Q.M.C. No. — forwarded 500 francs for a boy about three years of age from the invaded districts and Company M— Infantry, adopted a girl of ten.

To date, more than 13,000 francs has been received and this has been turned over to the American Red Cross Committee which will maintain supervision over the adopted children for the period of adoption. The money will be expended at the discretion of the committee, mostly in regular monthly installments, which will keep the children in food and clothing and assure them a home.

In addition to the contributions for the maintenance of specific children, three fractional contributions have been received by THE STARS AND STRIPES. An unknown private, signing himself "Amex," sent in 100 francs; Private Charles A. Bradley left ten francs at the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES, explaining that he is on detached service and has no unit to contribute through, and Master Signal Electrician Harry J. Hahn sent in ten francs.

Such fractional contributions, although not provided for in the original plan, will be accepted and used for the benefit of the children. They either will be allowed to accumulate until there is enough to provide for a child for a year, or will be devoted to the needs of certain children in refugee camps and barracks who now are receiving food and shelter, but who from time to time need articles of clothing and other necessities.

Several inquiries have been received as to the possibility of legally adopting children and taking them back to the United States. The French law on the subject of adoption is being looked up for the benefit of those inquirers as well as possible regulations which may be passed before or at the end of the war. THE STARS AND STRIPES plan aims merely to help needy children over a critical period in their lives, and it is well to remember that, after the war, France will need all her youth and that their first duty will be to their native country.

The two column box at the bottom of the second and third columns on page two tells how your organization, if it has not done so already, can make a French war waif happy for the next year.

FIFTY FIGHTERS TO TELL AMERICA HOW THEY DO IT

Special Service Order Means Trip Home for This Detachment

SOME WEAR WAR CROSSES

Messages from Stage and Pulpit Will Impart Pep in Army to Come

Detached for special service from various organizations up front and armed each with one of those non-committal travel orders that might mean almost any kind of work ahead, 50 wondering members of the A.E.F. reported for duty at one of the American headquarters a few days ago and were met with the staggering news that they were going home.

They were to have a long and lively leave of absence from the Zone of the Advance and they were to spend it not in Savoie but in the States. These men were to be sent back to America not because they had proved incompetent or fallen ill or become disabled in the fight but because they had shown themselves such first rate soldiers that they were wanted back home as Exhibit A of the A.E.F.

Some with their *Croix de Guerre* over their hearts and their service stripes glistening on their sleeves, they stood open-mouthed and listened to the order. Sergeants, corporals, privates and all, they were a respectful but incredulous row. "It's too good to be true," one of them whispered in a melancholy manner. "I suppose the general's not kidding us and that we'll start for New York all right, but I'll bet the darned old ferryboat sinks on the way from Hoboken to the foot of West 23rd street. It's too good to be true."

But it is true, and they are on their way, and those of us who know New York will bet that somehow, for all the mystery that shrouds a troop movement, the secret will leak out and that when their boat sails up the harbor, every

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VICTORY

"A shell fell on a maternity hospital. The list of dead includes a nurse, two mothers, and a new-born child."—From a Paris newspaper.

Across the plains of Picardy
Proud Amiens flings her taunt at thee,
Bidding thee tame her if they will
Transcends the faith that lights her still.
A line of freemen bars the way
Where all thy legions lunge and sway
And whither into shadow. Where
Is any show of triumph there?

But dare man say that all thy pain
Is bootless, all thine effort vain?
That all thy trafficking in life
Through four black years of frustrate strife
Has gained thee nothing but a curse?
The list of dead includes a nurse,
Two mothers, and a new-born child.

The murder of the undefiled,
The random slaughter of the weak—
What greater triumphs wouldst thou seek?

NO ACTIVE CAMPAIGN FOR LOAN IN A. E. F.

Men Who Desire Liberty Bonds May Buy Them Through Allotment

The third Liberty Loan, now being subscribed to, differs from the second Liberty Loan in several particulars, but in no particular more interesting to the A.E.F. than the fact that there will be no active campaign made for the sale of its bonds to the officers and enlisted men of the Army.

Every soldier in France can buy as many bonds as he wants, either purchasing them outright or acquiring them bit by bit through the now thoroughly familiar army allotment system. But the Government will confine its activity to explaining the new issue and providing facilities, which are now being perfected, for the sale of bonds to such individuals as may desire to subscribe. There will be no such systematic whirlwind campaign as enlivened the A.E.F.'s first autumn in France.

The third Liberty Loan bond can be bought at par and it yields 4¼ per cent, whereas the first issue paid 3½ and the second 4. Unlike the first and second loans, the bonds of the new loan may not subsequently be converted into bonds of any future loan which might pay a higher rate of interest.

Like the second Liberty Loan, the income on the first $5,000 worth of the new bonds will be free from all taxation, but the tax exemption goes no further than this.

The bonds fall due on September 15, 1928, and the interest is payable on March 15 and September 15. Civilian subscribers to the loan who do not wish to purchase outright can pay 5 per cent on application, 20 per cent on May 28, 35 per cent on July 18 and the rest on August 15. The books close May 4.

U. S. WINTER DIES HARD

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—Winter committed an assault on April along the Eastern seaboard, dumped 30 inches of snow into the Susquehanna valley, flooded the New York subways and Atlantic City with storm tides, but retired again. The weather has now returned to normal.

LOAN CAMPAIGN SETS NEW MARK AS DRIVE OPENS

Thousand Communities Go Beyond Quota During First Days

MILK BOTTLES BEAR SLOGAN

Battle in Picardy Proves Itself a Record Breaking Money Getter

By J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—The first days of the Liberty Loan campaign have been more than successful, with more than 1,000 communities already flying "honor flags" for exceeding their quota for the entire drive. The only menace now is over-optimism, due to the big initial success, but the managers are awake to it and are redoubling their efforts.

The experiences of the previous loan campaigns are being used to the utmost. Probably the most enormous publicity ever employed in history is being used. Hardly a building in the big cities is without a reminder of the campaign. Even the milk bottles bear a loan slogan.

The air is full of illuminated appeals. Every vehicle carries a poster or a card. The huge Liberty ball, being pushed by "Uncle Sams" and Boy Scouts from Buffalo to New York, continues on schedule time, and has gathered in piles of State money.

To the Last Dollar

The entire affair must be highly discouraging to the Good Old American Pessmists, for the national aspect is that of a holiday enterprise—but a holiday with determined business behind it. You over there may be sure that we over here will let you have our last dollar and then some more.

That little trouble in Picardy has brought out money from towns so small that they are not on ordinary maps. The campaign as a whole is conducted on big, calm, dignified lines, with no hysterical appeal, and this gives a good indication of the nation's strength.

The public attitude during the recent serious news from Picardy and Flanders redoubles my conviction that we can absolutely put our trust in the courage, endurance and good judgment of the American people. A practically unceasing flood of extra editions with startling headlines has produced neither unreasoning alarm on the one hand nor unreasoning passion on the other hand.

LOUNGE LIZARD MUST GO

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—New York is preparing to enforce the anti-loafer Bill compelling every able-bodied male between 18 and 50, rich or poor, to hold down a regular job.

The city police will look after the lounge lizard and similar ornaments in particular.

GIANTS TAKE OPENER

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—The Giants beat the Dodgers to the tune of six to four in the nine inning game which opened the baseball season. A huge crowd packed the Polo Grounds to see the home team win.

YANKEE MARTYRS HAVE ROUGH TIME IN FEVER TESTS

Inoculation With Bacillus of Trench Malady Only One Handicap

GERMAN DRIVE COMES NEAR

Volunteer Sufferers Forced to Move On When Shells Start Dropping

REWARD IS ALREADY ON WAY

Men Who Took Chance With Death Cut Down Chances Comrades Will Have to Take

This is the story of how 60 American soldiers, during the past three months, courted death and went through a lingering and weakening sickness in order that their comrades of the A.E.F. and the Allied armies might be safeguarded against that bane of the Western front—trench fever.

It is the story of the devotion to "the game" of 60 youngsters from the field hospitals and ambulance companies of a certain American division—60 men from units commonly classed as "non-combatant" troops. It affords a fine instance of how non-combatant troops can and do render signal service to the cause.

They were volunteers, all of the 60. They were volunteers picked from four entire companies of volunteers. They were picked because they were considered the huskiest available, the best able to stand the long and weary wearing-down process of the trench fever—and every one of them got the fever. Not only did they get the fever; but as they were lying in their hospital tents, up back of the British front, the town they were in was subjected to heavy bombardment, day and night, until the evacuation of the hospital was imperative. In short, "they took all the chances."

Why They Were Called On

The reason they were called upon to take the chances was this: For over two years and more the medical authorities of the Allied armies had been baffled as to the cause of the spread of trench fever. They had been immensely hampered in their attempts to diagnose it, to find out about its origin, because the disease was too virulent for transmission to animals. Consequently, there was one thing, and one only to be done—to call for volunteers to act as experiment subjects.

So the lads from New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island—plus one from Illinois, who had come east to enlist—were duly signed up and inspected, and sent up to the hospital back of the British front. This was late in January. Then the process of inoculating them began.

Thirty-five of them had fastened to their forearms big bags of body lice—lice which had all been taken from clothing of men up front who had come down with trench fever. The object of the test, in the main, was to determine whether or not the louse was the carrier of the trench fever germ, as had been suspected. The other 25 were injected with blood taken from trench fever victims—in other words, given the disease outright.

Catching It Second Hand

The men in the latter class—those who got the fever practically at second hand—came down ill from four to six days after the first injection. The men on whose forearms the infected lice were knawing held out a little longer, but in from 18 to 21 days they, too, all came down with the malady. By comparison with the condition of the others, it was ascertained that their disease was the same; so that what was perhaps the main object of the experiment—to find out whether the louse was the spreader of the disease in its malignant form—was reached.

There are fevers and fevers, but trench fever—as all those say who have ever experienced it—is one of the hardest and worst. First, it manifested itself among the 60 volunteers by giving them headaches—severe frontal headaches, accompanied by "mystagmus," affecting the eyes. Along with this came muscular weakness all over; a dopey, tired, dull feeling. Then came pink eye, spots on the abdomen, stiffness of the neck, and marked pains in the lumbar region and in the shins, elbows and wrists. As if that were not enough, the doctors detected a marked shift in the apex of the heart of each of the men, and an enlargement of the spleen.

No Reading, No Exercise.

The patients all took to bed. There were hopeful days and bad days; relapses, recoveries, and relapses; raging fever, and high temperature accompanying. Day after day the doctors came about and examined their coated tongues, and, taking the blood test discovered the alarming increase in the number of white corpuscles that invariably marks the disease. Atropine injections—administered because it was thought the disease had a resemblance to typhoid—only increased the misery of the men. It dried up their skin, and made them wither away. Worst of all, as far as discomfort went, it made all manner of food, however attractively concocted and served, taste just the same—like wood shavings.

There was little to relieve the monotony of their servitude. The affection of the eyes made reading out of the question, the sluggishness of the limbs brought on by the fever made exercise in the open even more of an impossibility. The 60 were of course isolated, cut off from all contact with the rest of the hospital patients. They could see no one, talk to no one, save their British nurses, who stood by them nobly. They just had to "lie there and take it."

Take it they did, then, lying in those tents for a good two months. Many of them had as many as four and five relapses. All of them lost weight. The average loss was from 20 to 25 pounds, while one of the heaviest of the party went down between 40 and 50 pounds.

Time wore on. The famous twenty-first of March came, and with it the big German offensive. A couple of days more

FOOD SHARKS BRANDED

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—The Food Administration is vigilant and every town and village in the country has reason to know that it is very much alive.

Just now Swift & Company, in New York, is being stood in the corner for all to gaze upon. This important house has been suspended from the egg business for 30 days because it ventured to charge more for eggs than the administration had decided was fit and proper.

In order to rub it in, the company is under orders to exhibit in all its New York stores a sign three feet wide and two feet high on which all who run may read the following legend:—

"Swift & Company, by direction of the United States Food Commission, is hereby forbidden to buy, sell or otherwise deal in eggs in the City of New York from April 10 to May 10."

So it cannot even rent eggs. Furthermore, it must further expiate its sins by buying $3,000 worth of Liberty Bonds and donating them to the Red Cross.

This was a purely local case of an offense against the Food laws, but it is regarded as of national importance because it shows that those laws are being administered with an even hand for big dealers as well as for small.

The penalizing of Swift & Company came at a time when the administration had just lifted the previous prohibition on the slaughter of hens. The brief cessation of hen murder, it is estimated, saved the lives of 3,250,000 of those deserving females.

Meanwhile, the campaign against food waste goes on apace and is producing its martyrs no less than the Zone of the Advance. As yet unprovided with gas masks of any sort, unsung heroes and heroines are making the rounds of the garbage cans in every town and hamlet, delving in their fearful mysteries for Exhibits A, B and C against improvident housekeepers. Every find means a fine for some one.

and the rumble of firing became a roar. And then, without warning, over the lines swooped the Boche aviators, and began to bomb the town on all sides of the hospital.

"Under Your Beds!"

The trench fever patients, sick as they were, wanted to see the bombardment. They got as far as the doors of their tents, but were ordered back. Shrapnel began to fly about the place. "Under your beds!" was the order. "Under your beds, all of you!"

Protesting still, the Yanks were hustled beneath the cots, in order that laceration by shrapnel fragments might not be added to their other infirmities. In one tent, though, there was one person who refused to heed the order. Her patients all tucked away to safety, she went bustling about, putting things in readiness for them against the cessation of the bombardment—attending to duty.

The major, on a hurried inspection tour, looked in at the tent. "Sister Swansea," he commanded the English nurse, "Sister, you must take cover! You must protect yourself!"

"My duty is with my patients," Sister Swansea replied. "There is work to be done here, and I shall do it. Here is where I stay.

Time to Move On

The bombardment was repeated. On March 27 things had become so hot that there was nothing left to do but to evacuate the hospital. So, although not any too many of the Yankee patients were "sitting up" cases, they were all put aboard a train and shipped in the direction of Paris—two in a coach for the ones badly off, four in a coach for those better able to stand the gaff. After a day and a night on the road—and traveling under war-time conditions is not particular fun for people in even the best of condition—they arrived in Paris, and were taken to an American hospital, by ambulance and camion, in the suburbs of the city.

They are all on the mend now; they are all "up and around," taking graduated physical exercise according to their strength and their progress toward recovery, sitting out in the open and basking in the sun when the days are fair, recovering by leaps and bounds that most precious possession of humankind—the great New England appetite. They are eating well, feeding up on good New England grub and getting rest from "convalescent food," which consists of tea, and jam, and tea, and jam, and tea. They are beginning to regain some of that lost weight and to recover some of that sadly diminished pep.

Want to Get Back

They're anxious to get back to their units. About their only kick at present is that the doctors don't seem inclined to take the roseate hue of their progress that they themselves do. Not one of them is the worse for the experience—or rather, not one of them will be if he follows instructions and doesn't try to rush the recovering process.

"Do it again?" Well, that isn't a fair question. Nobody would think of asking them to. But, now that it's all over, and their parents and friends back in the States have been assured that it's all over and they're all safe, they are far more philosophical about it than one would expect them to be.

Their reward is on the way. Just what it is to be has not been definitely settled, but a reward there is going to be, all right. But, added to the words of praise from the British general who inspected them and learned of their sacrifice and devotion, their reward will be the gratitude of every man of every nation of the Allies, who goes up from hereafter. By taking their chances they have cut down the number of chances that the rest will have to take.

Here are their names:—

Sergt. W. W. Campbell, Sergt. R. V. Kenney, Sergt. Perry, Sergt. Bliss, Privates J. H. O'Neil, J. A. O'Neil, N. Barrett, W. Barrett, H. A. Stevens, J. J. Slater, J. T. Scanlon, B. A. Villany, V. M. Peck, W. W. Chase, Charboneau, J. Fortini, T. Cody, A. R. Fahy, P. J. Quinn, W. H. Reed, A. Watkins, H. O. Buckley, H. A. Morin, J. D. Rupprecht, J. Vassell, V. Schaeffer, Weyel, Piel, A. J. Daly, W. T. Daly, W. J. Duda, M. N. Roskin, F. Freudenberger, D. B. Falls, E. A. Waldron, J. A. Lambert, W. J. Murphy, J. J. Singer, H. Robertson, H. A. Lucas, O. H. Backus, E. Hooker, J. J. Clancy, M. Emhoff, J. Warhurst, Boucher, J. Elliano, J. Romano, W. Driscoll, G. W. Hall, N. Cann, E. B. Carroll, N. S. Courtney, R. H. Davis, Demoulpied, F. Lowell, F. Nolan, A. Norin, J. J. Stanley, D. P. Turner, R. A. Walker, E. Woodward, H. A. Worley, Burke, H. M. Etheridge, J. Fiola, L. Fitzsimmons, J. Humphreys, H. Jenson, J. J. O'Connor, P. H. Waite.

A.E.F. MEN CARRY

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ter to half a million a year are so rare that they are extremely select, and are grouped into "quarter million clubs" or "half million clubs" by their admiring directors. But none of these clubmen is ever going to write $7,000,000 in a month. It's absolutely impossible to do it—outside of the Army.

Some day the history of those insurance agents who have just completed their record job may be written in its entirety, and it will be as exciting as if it had all happened at the front—just as some of it did. There will be in that chronicle the story of policies written when the policy holder lay in a hospital hovering between life and death—a situation in which you would pardonably expect an insurance agent to be his last visitor imaginable.

Perhaps it is easier to explain than it would seem. It wasn't an attempt to sell something, but to give something away; an attempt not to make a man buy, but to persuade him to avail himself of a privilege. It is simply the difference between business and patriotism.

FIFTY FIGHTERS TELL

Continued from Page 1

craft in the waters about Manhattan Island will toot a deafening welcome.

The lucky 50 were chosen from various units in response to a call from Washington for that many enlisted men who had made good with a vengeance in France, and who were good enough talkers to be able to tell America all about the A. E. F. On many a stage and from many a pulpit they will tell their stories, and in the telling show the folks back home what sort of stuff the A. E. F. is making. They will be there to help along the third Liberty Loan, to back up the Food Administration, and generally, as a gift from The-Army-That-Is Here, to spread through the ranks of the Army-That-Is-To-Come, that priceless part of a soldier's equipment which no Quartermaster can issue and which is sometimes called morale and is sometimes known as pep.

FIVE DAYS' BATTLE COSTS HUNS DEAR

Americans Account for 400 In Attack Northwest of Toul

LIEUTENANT CAPTURES 19

Machine Guns Keep "Working Like Hell" with Emplacement Shot Away

The troops which hold the American home sector northwest of Toul came up smiling the first part of this week after a five days' battle which took a heavy toll of German dead, wounded and prisoners and left our lines unchanged. Enemy casualties are estimated at between three and four hundred, of whom more than a hundred were killed. It was the most prolonged and the largest scale operation conducted against our troops since America's entry into the war, and we came out of it with losses comparatively slight.

The Americans used their old friend the rifle with particularly deadly effect, for the fighting was in the open, and the outcome of the engagement was a painful shock to the Germans, who, to judge from the well-crammed haversacks on our prisoners, had come over with the idea of making quite a stay in the American trenches.

Old War Song Revived

The attack began on Wednesday of last week, after several days of ominously heavy shelling. It was launched by a special shock battalion of 800 picked Germans, who had been laboriously rehearsed for their great day and who came over intent on cutting through our third line. They got nowhere.

Reinforced by fresh infantry and artillery, and with abundant use of gas, the scattered remnants of that battalion vengefully and bitterly renewed the attack on Friday, but three more days of furious fighting only added to the sum of their losses. They did not get into our lines and the Americans hold undisturbed the sector northwest of Toul.

The first attack on Friday was directed against the French and the Americans, who immediately counterattacked and were able to pursue the Germans as far as their second line. The Americans who fought in this battle are the subject of a congratulatory letter from a French general, who said, among other pleasant things: "With such brave men as allies we are sure to triumph." It is told of one unit that the men took up their positions chanting that old time battle hymn of the Spanish-American War, "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight."

The story of how 19 Huns surrendered practically to one man is but one of many that might be told illustrative of the guts displayed during the long drawn out encounter.

A certain lieutenant, whose men were in a support trench, heard that the Germans had entered our first lines. With five volunteers, picked from a whole detachment of volunteers, he started out after them along the trench. At the corner, he turned and saw ahead of him, coming down the communicating trench, a whole flock of Germans.

He shot the first one—a German officer dead. Half turning, he called to his five men to get out of the trench and run around behind the Boche. The Germans saved him and his men the trouble of scrapping with them, however, for they all threw up their hands.

Rescue in No Man's Land

When noses were counted in one unit, Jack —— was found to be missing. "Too bad to leave Jack out there," his buddie said; so he and several others got permission to go back and search in No Man's Land. They finally found Jack buried to his waist in mud, and unable to get out alone. They dragged him in, and thus saved him from having his throat slit by the Germans—for if his comrades had waited until daylight he would surely have become a prisoner.

The members of one regiment's band volunteered to act as stretcher-bearers in the front lines. They worked under incessant artillery and machine gun fire until they were exhausted. A medical officer, seeing the condition they were in, ordered them back. But instead of going to the rear, they waited till the surgeon had turned the corner. Then, they went back to work.

A certain machine gun unit happened to be the target for a goodly portion of the Boche barrage. The lieutenant in charge ordered his men into their dugouts. When they came out they found that the German shells had shattered all their machine gun emplacements, and that some of the guns were buried under the earth.

With the attack coming on, there was only one thing to do—to dig out those buried guns, and get them set up quickly. The men dug away like beavers, unearthed the pieces, hastily wiped the mud out of the mechanism, and got them set up, with clips rammed home, just in time to begin spraying the advancing Huns.

A little later the 'phone at headquarters buzzed. The lieutenant was making his report.

"Sir," he said, "all our machine gun emplacements have been shot away. But every gun is working like hell!"

"Glad they're there!" exclaimed a certain gentleman with stars on his shoulders when told that the Germans had entered our first line trenches. "The boys will kill all the more of them!"

And "the boys" did.

A DOUGHBOY'S PRAYER

(ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION)

He walked his post at midnight; and the night was dark as mud,
And the winds and rain were mixing in a way to freeze his blood.
There was rust upon his rifle, there was water in his shoes;
His ancient lid was leaking, and his "wraps" were coming loose.
He was not so much religious, but the doings of the day,
And the darkness, and the wetness, made him feel that he should pray.
So he stiffened to attention, presented arms, then port,
And he made his earnest prayer like a soldierly report.
"Sir," he prayed, "the Lord has written that the humblest guy should come
And complain about his troubles when his soul is on the bum.
Sir, the Lord must be a-knowin' what a soldier has to do,
How he has a million duties and exists on soup and stew,
While he gets an education in a way that's wild and new.
First, the soldier signs his papers; in the arms and legs he's shot;
Then they tell him what's important, and they tell him what is not.
He is issued his equipment and a lot of woolen clothes,
And it's like a Chinese puzzle for to find how each thing goes.
He is taught the facin's, marchin's, and the proper way to rest,
The way to throw his rifle, and, of course, squads east and west.
In the morn he swiftly rises and gets out for revil-ee,
And he goes through calisthenics, or some other misery.
He's drillin' and he's hikin', and sometimes he's peelin' spuds,
Or he's standin' some inspection, or he's washin' dirty duds.
He learns his General Orders and how to do 'em right.
And he gets the proper spirit and he works with all his might.
Then he's sent across the ocean and he thinks he'll get to fight,
But they put him standin' guard on a job that's soft as lard.
And it gits so goldarn dreary that he's bound to take it hard.
Sir, this is the experience of each man in Company 'D,'
And, while we want to do our duty, whatever it may be,
It ain't no harm to ask the Lord to help the Infantree.
Deliver us from guardin' lumber piles and Engineers,
Deliver us from chasin' soldiers through the mud and grass;
Deliver us from grabbin' every guy without a pass;
Deliver us from caffy and all the booze that's French,
And have our whole gang ordered to a good old bloody trench!
We're not over here for pleasure, we're not over here for fun;
We want to get some action; we want to bust the Hun!
So, if the Lord has influence with our High Command in France,
Won't He take our application and see we get our chance?
I ain't so darn religious, but if good comes of this prayer,
I'll give up girls and gamblin' and be a saint for fair.
And—Sir, I'll have to finish, and I'll call some time again;
For my relief's a-comin'—if I'm excused—Amen."

CORP. JAMES STEVENS, Inf.

HUN LOSSES 85 IN ATTACK ALONG MEUSE

Winners Tell How Treacherous Germans Paid for Stratagem

GRENADE TWIRLER SCORES

Enemy Finds St. Mihiel Sector a Bit Warmer Than Russian Front

After a big ball game, you ask the winners how it happened, and most of them will tell you modestly that they probably outplayed and outguessed the losers. It was like that after last Sunday night's fighting on the east bank of the Meuse, near St. Mihiel, in which our men killed 64, wounded 10, and took 11 Huns prisoners.

"We had it on 'em three ways," said a young private from Indiana, who hadn't yet had time to get the bloodstains off his puttees. "They're about as foxy as rhinoceros."

It started, it appeared, this way: Some Germans, posing as friends, shouted the gas alarm in English, or, as our men are properly prone to call it, in American. As a few of our men began to put on their masks, the Hun deception was discovered. "Whaddye mean gas, you Boche faker?" shouted a Massachusetts man, and then the scrap was on.

Directly after the barrage, an Indiana private, who in his previous private life had been a coal miner, saw the Germans, with long snippers, cutting the wires. "He spun a grenade at 'em," said his proud bunkie, "and, believe me, like they say in the old Frank Merriwells, they knew no more. Bingo! He sure had a hop on his fast one."

"Fast one, nothing!" said the hoosier hurdler. "I used a spitball with a slow fadeaway. Me for the grenades."

Box Comes at Right Minute

Just as he said this, the mail clerk in the little battered village handed him a wooden, stamp-covered box.

"From mother," he said. "She sends 'em just as regular as she winds the clock in the sitting room at home. I know what's inside—two boxes of chocolate and some tobacco. Maybe that ain't handy after a fight, hey?"

According to what the prisoners said, the Germans in this battle had been moved, many of them reluctantly and at the point of the bayonet, from the Russian front. Some of them are Austrians. They were all hungry, having lived on water and black bread for many days.

"Gosh," said the Indiana private, "that bread was as black as a derby."

"You're nutty," said another. "It was blacker than that; didn't you ever see a brown derby?"

"I heard them guys singing about gas," said a Pennsylvania private, an Italian who had worked around the Pennsylvania coal mines, who had killed two Germans and bayoneted another. "They were chatterin' in French and English and kept hollering 'ceasing firing!' 'Not for you birds I don't cease,' I says to myself, and I got in my nicks then. All I could think of was about what those guys had done to women and children. They fight pretty good when they're in a crowd, but they're no good when they're man to man. They quit cold, on the level they did."

"I asked this feller for a match," continued the private from Pennsylvania, pointing to a platoon mate 'He says he'd give me one if I'd bag another orisoner, so I did. Six feet four he was," said the ex-coal man, proudly drawing himself up to his five feet three.

HOW TO ADOPT A WAR ORPHAN

(See article on Page 1 about orphans already adopted by A. E. F. units.)

A company, detachment, or group of the A. E. F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support.

The children will be either orphans, the children of **French soldiers** so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or homeless waifs, from the invaded districts. The adopting unit may select its child from any of these classes and specify its age and sex.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement.

At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

All of the money contributed will go to the children. The expenses of administration will be borne by the Red Cross.

A photograph and a history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be advised of the child's whereabouts and hereafter notified monthly of its progress.

The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which the money may be raised. It may be gathered by an equal assessment upon the members of a unit, by passing the hat, by giving an entertainment—in any way the unit sees fit.

Address all communications regarding these children to War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A. E. F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

BRANCHES IN ALL COUNTRIES

Private Frank Brooks, a member of an American Railway Engineers' unit which dropped its pickaxes and grabbed its rifles at Cambrai, was taken prisoner and removed to Tuchel, Germany. Private Brooks has a brother, Sergeant Philip Brooks, also a Railway Engineer, who when his regiment was visited in the recent campaign by a War Risk Insurance Bureau officer, was urged to make out a policy on his captured brother's behalf.

The application, made out by Sergeant Philip Brooks, was duly forwarded to Private Frank Brooks through the good offices of the Home Correspondence Service of the American Red Cross, who in turn communicated with Private Frank through the American Red Cross Central Bureau for American Prisoners, at Berne.

Word has been received through the same channel from Private Frank ratifying the action of Sergeant Philip in taking out a $10,000 policy on Private Frank's life.

POOR OLD FARMER LEADS HARD LIFE

Mr. Hoover Wants More Crops, and Court Calls Cider Licker

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—By cracky, but these gol-dern, consarned hellawhoopin' new-fangled contraptions of laws is cussed hard on the poor old farmer, by chowder!

Fustest thing, this Mr. Hoover, with his slick city ways, comes along and says as how the farmer has got to git twice as big a crop, by hickory, outen the old stony pasture than has ever been got outen it before; and, with no hired men around, how's anyone a-goin' to do it?

Then, atop of that, this gol-dern contrary New York Soopreme court up and decides that hard cider—um! slicky-slicky!—hard cider is licker! Yes-sir, a bunch of lawyers a-settin' up on a big long table gits together and takes the hard cider right outen a poor farmer's mouth.

Licker? Who'n tarnashion ever said 'twasn't? But with the township gone dry—the women folks voted it dry outer spite—there won't be no more hard cider this harvest. And everybody what hez put in 80 years, winter and summer, man and boy, a-harvestin', knows as how you can't git in no harvest without hard cider.

Well, anyway, they went and done it, them smart-aleck lawyer-judges what the State pays $12,000 a year to just to do things like that. They say hard cider is licker, and licker's forbid in no license towns, consarn the luck. So the poor farmer reckons as how he'll have to use his straw for somethin' else than drawin' well kept apple-juice through it.

NEW PASSPORT REGULATIONS

The American Passport Bureau, an amalgamation of the passport sections of the American Embassy and American Consulate-General in Paris, has been opened at 68 Rue Pierre Charron, Paris. All formalities in connection with American passports and visas for the United States will be now handled at this office.

All persons contemplating a journey to the United States must carry passports or other official documents to establish their identity. To these must be attached a photograph, and, in the case of aliens, three unmounted photographs must be presented upon requesting the pasport as well as documents serving as proof of the object for which the applicant is visiting the United States.

TWO BOCHE PLANES FELLED BY YANKEES

Clean and Quick Victories Scored by First American Trained Aviators

CARD GAME HAS TO WAIT

Five Minute Battle Settles Score Between Quartet of Rival Flyers

Sunday morning at 8:45, Lieut. Alan F. Winslow and Lieut. Douglas Campbell were playing casino, as aviators will. Lieut. Winslow had just built eights and Lieut. Campbell was getting ready to take the build when the *alerte* sounded. Five minutes later two Boche planes, an Albatrosse and Pfiatz, had been brought down by these young men. Both German aviators are held as prisoners, one having landed unhurt and the other badly burned.

Lieut. Campbell holds the record of being the first American trained aviator to bring down a Boche plane. The *Croix de Guerre* has been awarded to both him and Lieut. Winslow. Let Lieut. Winslow tell the story as he told it mildly and pridefully:

"After we got the *alerte*, we got up right away. I was climbing toward Doug and I saw the Boche coming at me. I got on his tail and began firing. He manoeuvred and returned the fire. We weren't any more than three thousand meters up.

Kept Shooting at Him

"I kept shooting at him and he at me. He didn't hit me. Then I saw his machine drop. It struck and I went near the ground to have a look at him. When I saw he was safely down, I went to help Lieut. Campbell.

"When I got near him, I saw that he and his man were fighting, and then I saw the Boche plane afire. It fell to the ground. And then—well, that's all there is to it," said Lieut. Winslow, as though he feared he had talked too much.

"No it isn't," said another officer. "Lieut. Winslow came to look his man over and then went up to him and offered him a cigarette."

"Well," said Lieut. Winslow, "from the way he took it, I imagine he really wanted one."

"And that Frenchman," urged the officer.

"Oh, yes," said Lieut. Winslow. "A French soldier watching the skirmish got hit in the ear with one of my bullets. He said he was glad of it and that he considers his ear a daisy souvenir."

Lieut. Campbell's Story

Lieut. Campbell, pressed to give his story, spoke as follows:

"That's just the way it was."

Lieut. Campbell is a Californian, from Mt. Hamilton, where the Lick Observatory is. The lieutenant is a Harvard man.

Lieut. Winslow's home is in Chicago. He was graduated from Yale and immediately after graduation came to France, enlisting as a flyer in the French army.

The French commissioner has written to the American commander his compliments for "the splendid success."

GERMANY STAKES WHOLE RESOURCES IN GIANT GAMBLE

Doubles or Quits Is Play of General Staff in Present Drive

INFANTRY COMES INTO OWN

Cavalry Also Reinstated in Open Warfare That Follows First Hun Plunge

NEW TACTICS BY BOTH SIDES

Attempt to Separate Allies Only Welds Them Together More Firmly Than Ever

[Here for the first time is a popular account of the entire first phase of the German offensive which has already developed into the biggest battle in history. It is based on the most authoritative and impartial information to be had.—Editor.]

Doubles or quits—that, as the onlookers of the world see it, is the play being made this spring by the giant gamblers of the German Imperial Staff.

It is a play familiar enough to all soldiers who have shared in or watched the dizzying games that are quite likely to follow on the heels of payday. They have all watched the tactics of some player who has made considerable inroads on the other fellows' piles, but who, for pressing reasons of his own, is anxious to get out of the game, so anxious that he is willing to stake everything on a single throw.

Doubles or quits. There is the meaning of the offensive that, on March 21 a little after midnight, launched a battalc, which, in length of line and in numbers engaged, has developed into the greatest battle the world has ever known.

It will be a long time before history can weed out the mass of claims and counter-claims, and set down the actual figures of this battle. By April 13, according to Sir Douglas Haig's clarion call to his troops, the Germans had already thrown 106 divisions into the fight and that means, roughly, 1,500,000 men. They are credited with 200 divisions on the Western front and the Allies have professed to have something near numerical equality.

German Guess at Allied Strength

According to estimates openly made in the German press, the Allied special reserves number 60 divisions, 45 of them French and 15 of them English. These reserves which, some weeks ago, were placed at the disposition of General Foch and the Versailles Council, constitute the mysterious letter X in the German problem. What part, if any, of these reserves have already been thrown into the present battle? There is the factor about which the Germans know least and worry most.

Although the Battle of 1918—it has already spread too far to be known any longer as the Battle of Picardy—reached the end of its first phase with the check of the assault on Amiens on April 4, it is too early now to give any but a rough sketch of what happened. It is not too early, however, to point out some of the respects in which that first phase differed from any battle fought on the Western front since the first days of the war.

The greater part of that first phase was open warfare, mobile warfare such as the commanders and the troops in this theater of the war had not known since the early free-for-all days of the Marne and the Yser, open warfare in which hand grenades were forgotten and heavy artillery left behind, in which cavalry and infantry once more came into their own, in which, above all else, the good, old-fashioned rifle came into its own. Toward the end of the phase the lines began to stabilize, the troops to burrow in, the heavy guns to arrive.

Back to Mobile Warfare

For a time, however, its was mobile warfare in which troops swept across country at lightning speed compared with the advances in trench warfare which could almost be measured by inches. How rapid was the movement can best be judged from the experience of one unit of French cavalry which was sent forward to help close the gap that had been made in the line.

That unit received its warning on the night of March 21 and by the next night they were near the front. Their orders were to advance rapidly to the banks of the Crozat Canal, the waterway that connects the Somme with the Oise, and there take up positions as reinforcements behind the British line. But though their advance sections had reached that point during the night of March 22, the morning light showed no British there at all. The French troops found themselves face to face with other troops, but the other troops were German.

These French reinforcements were cavalrymen who had ridden, horses and all in auto trucks as far as the trucks would go and then made the rest of the distance on horseback. For the horse, too, came into his own once more when open warfare was revived on the plains of Picardy. They were French cavalrymen to whom fell the honor of stopping the Germans on the heights north of the Oise.

They fought dismounted, it is true, but they could not have reached their positions in time without their horses. Once there, they fought against repeated attacks made by troops that outnumbered them three or four to one, fought for four days without anything to eat, without anything to drink, without *ravitaillement* of any kind except in ammunition. How stern were the necessities of those first few days, you can best guess from the fact that these cavalry divisions, when they were finally ordered back, could be allowed only a brief rest before being returned to the line further to the left.

Of heavy artillery, there was none worth mentioning in that first fortnight, for so swift and so tumultous was the shift of the line that neither side had time to bring theirs into play. Trench mortars played some part and field pieces, and there is one stirring chapter to be written some day about the French division whose men hitched themselves to their field pieces and dragged them for a distance of four kilometers, then returned and hitched themselves to the caissons in order to bring up the shells.

But, above all, it was an infantry battle, a battle fought preeminently with rifles and machine guns. Those who, unlike General Pershing, have sadly sung the requiem of the rifle, relating its sorry decline from the great American weapon of offense to a mere impediment, did not foresee the battle of 1918. The grenade, which was the perfect weapon for such shell-hole battles as Verdun and the Chemin des Dames, gave way once more to the rifle, and it was with the rifle that the men fought during that first week, fighting on with its bayonet when their ammunition ran out, fighting on with their naked fists when their guns were lost in the scrimmage.

One reason why the rifle was able to achieve so spectacular a reinstatement was because the fighting was over dry ground. It is mud which, clogging the delicate mechanism at the hammer end, disables the rifle. Here there was no mud for the German offensive, though it was boldly started on the very day of the vernal equinox, was carried on through ten days of air miraculously clear, ten days under skies miraculously serene.

The Allied aeroplanes, too, had new work to do. To an extent never before approached, they became an actual fighting arm during this battle. They did infantry work, swooping down within 40 or 50 yards of the German troops and riddling them with the fire from their machine guns. They did artillery work, flying all day and all night over the German hosts and thundering bombs from on high. Indeed, it can be said that the Allied aeroplanes took the place of the Allied artillery in the first days of the battle.

That battle in its first phase, then, differed markedly from the battles of the last three years of which Verdun is the type. But in no respect did it differ more markedly than in the manner of its beginning.

In opening their offensive, the Germans employed new and peculiar tactics and it was part of their elaborate and painstaking preparations to withdraw the troops that were to participate and rehearse them in those tactics on a dummy battlefield far behind their lines. Furthermore, every officer down to the lowest-grade non-com had his specific instructions and his folded map, with the course he was to follow every day indicated thereon.

The New Tactics

The new tactics were characterized by an unprecedented concentration of guns and a bombardment designed not so much to destroy defenses as to destroy men. The poison gas used in great quantities was not the familiar mustard gas which disables men for a time and lingers long, but a gas of which the effects are immediate and deadly and yet one which is so quickly dissipated that there are no traces left in the air to hamper the attacking troops when they themselves reach the territory drenched by its fumes. It should be added that this gas was no new thing to the Allies and that the British mask proved a perfect protection against it.

The preliminary bombardment, which began shortly before one o'clock on the morning of March 21, lasted until shortly before eight. Then the German infantry of three armies emerged from the trenches.

It had been the scheme of the bombardment to devastate and empty the British network of communicating trenches; it was the infantry's rôle to cross those trenches and do battle with the local reserves. They were not to be burdened with artillery nor to bother with hand grenades. They might rely to some slight extent on trench mortars, but, for the most part, they were to use the rifle and the machine gun. They were to ignore any isolated centers of resistance which the receding British might leave in their wake, for these would be dealt with as soon as possible by special troops who should bring up the rear with flame-throwers and hand grenades.

The infantry was merely to advance and keep on advancing. They were to move ahead in wave after wave after wave. The first line was to drop in its tracks at a designated distance, push up the rifle and machine gun sights to the maximum and open fire, shooting blindly and without pause. The second line was to pass through the first, drop in its tracks a little way ahead and duplicate the tactics. The third wave was to pass through the first and second and follow suit. It was hoped that, however heavy the cost to the attacking infantry, the British local reserves, which might be expected to be preparing to enter the battle, would be caught somewhere in this indiscriminate barrage and be riddled with bullets.

That was the German plan—to empty the first British trenches with poison gas and to riddle the British local reserves with a blind, indiscriminate, bullet barrage. That was the plan and, in certain parts of the line, it seems to have worked.

Of what happened over the whole battlefield in the fortnight that followed, of the battle in perspective, only the roughest sketch can be given here.

Where Germany Hit Hardest

The Germans threw the greatest force of their attack against the British line at a point just north of its juncture with the French, and the British line, as their own communique admitted, was broken. You must not think of that break as a collapse of a dam, with the Germans pouring through, but rather as the opening of a door, 80 kilometers wide with its hinge at Arras and its other edge at Chauny. Once ajar, theirs was the vista of the path along the Oise Valley to Paris. The pressure was applied, the door began to swing and the Germans shoved hard. It was the French task to close that door or, at least, to barricade past all hope of passage the opening that had been made.

History will tell some day just why that door opened. While the Third Army under General Byng held splendidly, the Fifth Army under General Gough gave way. He has since been recalled. But history will tell how he had only 13 divisions with which to oppose the 20 and later the 40 which von Hutier hurled against them. In men he was ultimately outnumbered nearly four to one and in guns nearly two to one. History will remind the reader that the support trenches of General Gough's second position had not yet been completed when the battle started and that the army thus thrown suddenly on the defensive had known nothing but offensive warfare for more than three years—the three years that ran from the second battle of Ypres in the spring of 1915.

Fighting With His Men

It will record the brilliance of a retreat in which two-thirds of the guns were saved, and it will tell countless stories of extraordinary individual heroism, with perhaps one outstanding picture, amid the smoke of battle, of a corps commander, a general, down on the ground, rifle in hand, fighting shoulder to shoulder with his men. It will give, at last, a definite account of the losses. The Germans say they were 70,000. The British say they were heavy, but not nearly so heavy as that. And the scores of prisoners taken is made up of many men not captured in the fight, but sick and wounded men picked up in hospitals, which there was not time to evacuate.

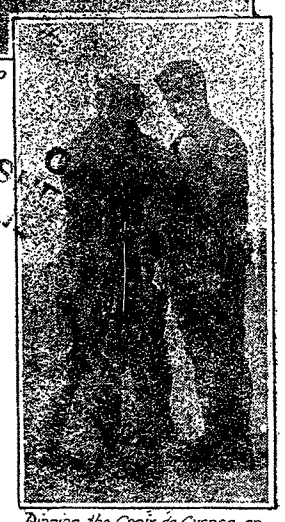
But the door had opened and it was not until March 29 that one could say, as General Foch did later, that the German advance had been halted. The gap had been closed. Into it the French had thrown, with the greatest rapidity, two small armies under General Fayolle, who had commanded their forces in Italy.

March 29, then, might be considered as marking the end of the first phase, but there was a tremendous though fruitless offensive on the last two days of the month and later a vigorous drive on April 4 toward Amiens before the battle shifted to the north. Let us say that the first phase ended with the single day's battle on the roads that converge towards Amiens, an attack which brought the Germans within nine miles of that city, but which inflicted upon them the heaviest losses they had known since the bitterness of Verdun.

What had the Germans accomplished? They had retaken a stretch of French soil corresponding roughly to the stretch they yielded up by their own retirement last Spring. They had inflicted heavy losses and, in the processes, suffered losses still heavier. They had not separated the French and British armies. Rather had they welded them more firmly together, for, under the shock of the assault, the Allied forces were fused under a single command, as diverse elements in a chemical jar can be instantaneously synthesized by an electric current. Thus ended the lack of Allied unity—on which the Kaiser had openly gloated and counted for success.

ALL BUT THE KISS

Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and the two Croix de Guerre men: Lieut. C. R. Holmes and Sergeant Murphy.



Pinning the Croix de Guerre on Sergeant Murphy

These two pictures show Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., engaged in his distinguished father's favorite pastime of pinning something on somebody. In this case the major isn't pinning scintillant epithets on the lieutenant and the sergeant; he is decorating them with the *Croix de Guerre* as a reward for their being "red blooded men," "men of my type," "exponents of stalwart Americanism" and neither "pussyfooters" nor 'mollycoddles." The lieutenant and sergeant look pleased, and well they might. So does the major; they're in his command.

TWO MOTHERS' SONS

This morning, when the postman stopped to make his morning call,
He left a bunch of papers, but no letters came at all,
And a woman's heart was heavy as she hurried up the stairs
(For there is where she always went when troubled with her cares),
And her soul was filled with anguish as she took a little cry,
For she thought she'd get a letter ere another day passed by.
Through the day she worked in silence, there was sadness in her glance,
For a mother had no letter from her boy in France.

This morning, when the postman stopped to make another call,
He left a soldier's letter that was welcome most of all;
And a woman's fingers trembled as she tore the envelope
To scan the lines which held so much of cheer and love and hope;
And sunshine all that day was stamped upon her loving face,
As she swept and cleansed with vigor all around the place.
And the dirt that lurked in corners didn't have a fighting chance,
For a mother had a letter from her boy in France!

Pvt. PHIL LEWIS,
M. D., in the "Beaumont Bull."

AMERICAN ENGINEERS IN "CAREY'S CHICKENS"

The commander of the American bridge and railway engineers to whom chance brought the opportunity to pitch in and help the British resist the first onslaught of the great drive in Picardy has received this letter from General Pershing:

"The Commander-in-Chief has noted with great satisfaction the fine conduct of the officers and men of your regiment during the recent German offensive as testified to by the British army and corps commanders."

That testimony adds some details to the account which, in the columns of this newspaper last week, related the story of those engineers who threw down their tools and caught up their rifles in the first stormy days of the present battle. We know now that American engineers had their part in the immortal army which General Carey improvised from everywhere, and which will go down in history as "Carey's Chickens." Orderlies, cooks and many another unpracticed man had his chance at the real thing in the ranks of "Carey's Chickens" and American engineers held an infantry sub-sector for a week. To their commanding officer, General Rawlinson, on behalf of the British, has sent a cordial letter which he winds up by saying:

"I consider your work in the line to be greatly enchanced by the fact that for six weeks previous to taking your place in the front line your men had been working at such high pressure erecting heavy bridges on the Somme. My best congratulations."

When General Mullers, commanding a British cavalry division, received congratulations and thanks from his superiors, he shared them immediately with the American engineers who had fought with that division in the line on March 30—"fought most gallantly," the British general said.

To one American company caught in the great offensive fell the task of destroying the engineer dump which would be left in the wake of the receding British army and they were busy at this and trench-laying until March 27, came and with it the assembling of "Carey's Chickens."

WAR SECRETARY BIDS GODSPEED TO A.E.F.

Commander-in-Chief Adds Appreciation to Mr. Baker's Letter

Secretary of War Baker's impressions of the work already accomplished by the members of the A. E. F. and his appreciation of their share in the building of "a great Army to vindicate a great cause" are made public in the following letter addressed to the officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces in France:

"After a thorough inspection of the American Expeditionary Forces, I am returning to the United States, with fresh enthusiasm, to speed the transportation of the remainder of the great Army of which you are the vanguard. What I have seen here gives the comfortable assurance that plans for the effectiveness of our fighting forces and for the comfort and welfare of the men have been broadly made and vigorously executed. Our schools and systems of instruction are adding to the general soldier training the specialized knowledge which developed among our French and British associates during the four years of heroic action which they have displayed from the beginning of the war.

"Fortunately, the relations between our soldiers and those of the British and French are uniformly cordial and happy, and the welcome of the civil population of France has been met by our soldiers with chivalrous appreciation and return.

"We are building a great Army to vindicate a great cause, and the spirit which you are showing, the courage, the resourcefulness and the zeal for the performance of duty both as soldiers and as men is not only promising of military success, but it is worthy of the traditions of America and of the Allied Armies with which we are associated. Press on!"

The letter has been given out as a general order, which will be read to each company and separate detachment at the first assembly after its receipt. To it the Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F., adds the following commendation:

"In adding his own high appreciation of the splendid spirit of our Army, the Commander-in-Chief wishes to impress upon officers and men of all ranks a keen sense of the serious obligations which rest upon them, while at the same time giving them fresh assurance of his complete confidence in their loyalty, their courage, and their sincere devotion to duty."

NATIONAL POLITICS STILL LACKS COLOR

No Clue to Lines on Which Congressional Battles Will Be Fought

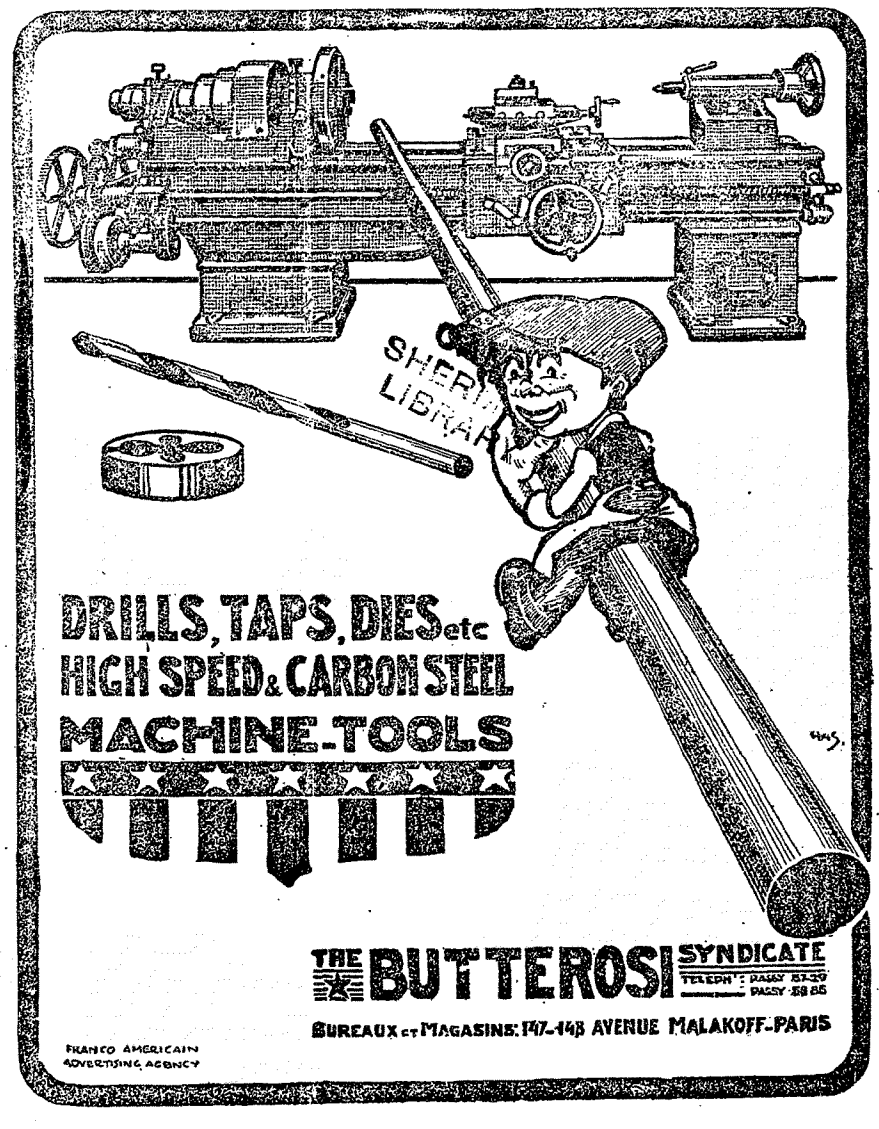
[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—National politics still remains without color or form. The newspapers have dropped discussion of the Wisconsin election, and nothing else has occurred to indicate the lines on which the Republicans and Democrats will fight out the congressional elections this autumn.

The New York State legislature has adjourned after successfully avoiding all issues that might make campaign material. The question of municipal ownership has been left to a Senate committee for a report to the next legislature.

The Federal prohibition amendment was sidestepped entirely, which throws the fight into the next session. The restoration of the State nominating conventions system to replace the present primaries failed of passage. This will undoubtedly make the Federal prohibition amendment the big fighting point of next autumn's campaign with municipal ownership and other measures advocated by the Socialist party also prominent.

This will make New York politics nationally important.



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FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1918.

APRIL 19, 1775

The men who fought at Lexington and Concord were fighting exactly the same thing that we are fighting today—tyranny. They stood for exactly the same principle—human liberty. A hastily recruited force, armed but insufficiently, they more than proved their worth when, in the first skirmishes of our war for independence, they

". . . fired the shot heard round the world."

Today—143 years after the event—the descendants of those embattled farmers stand side by side with the descendants of the men who opposed them, united once and for all and dedicated to the greatest task that has yet fallen to the lot of free men—the deliverance of the world from the military and political domination of the Hun. The Minute Men would have had it so. The Liberals of the England of 1775 would have had it so. For the men of the old Bay colony, even at the very time they were

"Chasing the red-coats down the road,
And only pausing to fire and load."

blazed the trail for liberty in England, and by their vigorous resistance opened the eyes of England to the iniquities into which her Teutonic King and his Tory servant had led her. Today the new, the freed England, honors their memory.

They were brave men and bold, those men of '75. They were good stand-up-and-go-to-it scrappers. They made it possible for us to be here today, under this flag, embarked on this glorious enterprise, backed by the great people that sent us forth.

Let us see to it that we prove ourselves, in the tests to come, worthy descendants of such as they!

WE'RE ALL DOUGHBOYS

A letter in the editor's mail signed "Subscriber"—we are too young to get letters from "Old Subscriber"—asks tartly if we are aware that there are *other* kinds of soldiers in this army besides doughboys. Answer: We are not. As we read the definition in the dictionary known as "General Usage," a doughboy is an American soldier—any American soldier.

More and more in the training camps and in the trenches, over there and over here, the name "doughboy" is attaching itself to every living man who wears the olive drab. Time was when it was applied only to enlisted infantrymen. Time was when there was a suggestion of good-natured derision in it. But of late, with the original doughboys in the very vanguard of the A. E. F., the name appears insensibly to have taken on a new accent of respect. Infantrymen and artillerymen, medical department boys and signal corps sharks, officers and men alike, all of them are called doughboys and some of them are rather proud of it. Our cartoonist—leatherneck though he is—is a doughboy. So is General Pershing. So are we all of us.

If "Subscriber" does not like the name, he need not cancel his subscription, because, after all, it was no doing of ours. If a better name—"Yanks," perhaps—gets into circulation, we shall use it. If, on the other hand, "doughboy" should, in time, become the universal name for the American soldier, we cannot claim to have invented it.

We have only one claim to fame. It is this. Never, so help us, have we nauseated and unnerved a doughboy by calling him a Sammie.

GETTING TOGETHER

They're doing things sensibly over in the States. They're getting together for the purpose of getting more firmly behind us. As was shown in a recent dispatch from our American correspondent, labor and capital are arriving at an agreement destined to secure industrial peace in America for the duration of the war.

That is as it should be. Strikes, in their way, are as bad as wars for the interruption to industry and business that they occasion. "One war at a time" is a good motto. The employers and the employes of the United States seem to have adopted it.

THE HOME FIRES

It is all very well for us to sing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" on the march and in camps, but we should not let our efforts stop at that. To be sure, the song is meant largely for use at home, but there is a lesson in it for us as well. By our letters, first of all, we can do a great deal to keep the home fires burning, and burning brightly.

We all know how welcome are letters from home when they arrive in this part of the world. Few of us realize how doubly and trebly precious are our own letters when they arrive in the States. To the burdens of war which the good people at home are bearing—and they are no light burdens—is added that most poignant one, of which we, young and healthy and busy, are hardly aware. That is the burden of anxiety; the anxiety of people kept in the dark about our lives and fortunes, the anxiety of people preyed upon by doubts and fears and rumors, the anxiety of people who love us with unfathomable devotion.

Keeping the people nearest to us well informed about our health, our interests, our pastimes, our progress is no less a duty for all of us than is the more immediate duty of keeping ourselves fit to strike at the enemy. We all have cheerful experiences, amusing experiences, heartening experiences; why not write and tell the people at home about them? Why not share our joy in life with them, and dispel their anxiety?

We can all do it if we try, and at very little effort. By so doing we will do more than sounding oratory or tinkling press-correspondence can do to "keep the home fires burning."

THE WAR AND "THE GAME"

We quote the following from a Paris contemporary:—

"Publication of a newspaper is an industry necessary to the successful prosecution of the war, according to a decision handed down by the District Draft Board in Syracuse, N. Y. This decision was made in the case of a Syracuse newspaper man and he was placed in Class 3, "as a necessary associate or assistant in a necessary industrial enterprise.'"

With the declaration of a newspaper's necessity in war time we are in thorough accord.

The second sentence of the dispatch, however, leaves considerable doubt in our minds. Having ruled as it did, there is a certain logic in the board's exemption—or deferring the call-up—of a practicing newspaper man. But, in all deference to the board's decision, we don't think much of a newspaper man who would claim exemption solely because of his profession.

The newspaper men of the United States, as a class, have been among the first to enlist and enroll, among the first to get over here. We doubt if any other profession can show a higher average of voluntary enlistments for national service, particularly for active service with the fighting forces. For that reason, we hate to see any member of the goodly company give even the appearance of hanging back from a man's job.

To our minds—and we of THE STARS AND STRIPES are just as proud of being American newspaper men as we are of being American soldiers—to our minds a man who, when the call comes, hides behind the pages of his paper, is even a more pitiable object than the creature who hides behind petticoats.

THE BIG IDEA

The war orphan adoption plan is not new. It might almost be said to have started with the war. Back home, most of us probably gave our mite for some helpless waif, just as we contributed a quarter apiece to the "Tobacco for Tommy" fund. Who of us did not, in the thrilling days between August, 1914, and April, 1917, play some small part in furthering the work of the Red Cross or of the Commission for Relief in Belgium?

No, none of these things is new, and the war orphan adoption plan possesses perhaps less novelty than any of them. But it remained for a humble rear rank doughboy private—an engineer doughboy—to give it the brand new twist of adapting it to the incomes of several hundred thousand other $33-a-month humble rear rank privates.

That plan, as it is now being successfully fostered by this newspaper of yours, did not have its inception around a council board composed of a dozen ramified, over and interlapping, super-organized committees. It is only an idea that was born in the brain of a very ordinary enlisted man. But it is a Big Idea.

TO HELL WITH THEM!

"Force," said President Wilson at the close of his tremendous and clarion speech at Baltimore, "force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, righteous and triumphant force, which shall make the Right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in dust."

There is no other argument the Germans understand. The nation that started this war by tearing up a treaty thereby rose against the world as an enemy with whom the world would never be able to treat. You can no more debate with a Boche than you can debate with a bull or a burglar. The Germans can never give their word now because they broke it long ago. They cannot pledge their national honor because—as they have shown once more in dealing with Russia—they have no national honor.

"My word is as good as my bond," said a shady character in an old musical comedy. "I tink, schoost about," the comedian replied. The Germans are like that. They have become a people who cannot even make a promise, because a solemn promise from the Imperial German Government is negotiable for even less than a German mark in the markets of the world.

It was apparent in 1914, and it is doubly apparent now, that the Germans are a people with whom it is impossible to confer and settle this matter out of court. There is really only one satisfactory thing to do with a German, and that is to kill him. We must kill a great many. Our job is long and hard, but it is as plain as a pikestaff.

We have got to take the German army and knock it into Kingdom Come. And we need no better battlecry than the war-whoop of the great Kentuckian.

"To Hell," said Colonel Watterson, "to Hell with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs."

They are on their way.

FASTER AND FASTER

The cables tell us that American troops are sailing for France in numbers far exceeding the Government's fondest expectations. Hardened, trained and equipped, they are setting forth at thrice the recent rate for a battlefield three thousand miles from home. After much fitting and straining and tinkering, the great American war machine is moving. Faster and faster its wheels revolve. May it prove a Juggernaut. May the German rulers rue in the dust the day they started it in motion.

F. P. A.

The Listening Post

ICE CREAM SODA

(*Note.—Ice Cream Soda is a decoction popular in the United States of America.*)

You may talk of *vin* and *bière*
When you're quartered over there
In New York or Abilene or Sleepy Hollow,
But when belts are growing tauter,
It is ice-cream soda water
That you'd give a dollar-ninety just to swallow.
In the well-known U. S. A.,
Where we used to work and play,
Attending to our pleasure and our biz,
Of all the liquid crew
The finest drink I knew
Was our brimming glass of ice-cream soda fizz!
It was fizz! fizz! fizz!
You foamin' glass o' chocolate soda fizz!
Gimme strawberry, vanilla,
Coffee, peach or sarsaparilla—
Gimme any kind o' ice-cream soda fizz!

We have tasted of Bordeaux,
Sampled Dubonnet and *l'eau*,
We have had a glass of port in a pagoda;
But we'd give a large amount
Of our kale to see a fount
Shooting foam into a glass of ice-cream soda.
There is nothing like the savor
Of the soda clerk's "What flavor?"
And your telling him, politely, what it is.
There is nothing there at home
That is nobler than the foam
As it tops a brimming glass of soda fizz.
Then it's fizz! fizz! fizz!
Oh, you gracious, carbonaceous soda fizz!
When I reach a certain nation
At the port of debarkation,
How I'll beat it for an ice-cream soda fizz!

You may miss that noble institution, the American drug store, but you don't have to buy postage stamps, use the telephone or the directory, or ask where the Whoozis family lives. All you really miss is the soda fountain.

Most of the soda fountains are now being manned, as you might say, by women.

BLESS HIM!

A man we like
Is Serg. McHale;
He never shouts:
"Fall in, detail!"

MEDICAL MIQUE.

A lad we love
Is Private Yost;
He sends in stuff
To The Listening Post.

There are—oh, yes, there are—unreasonable demands made in the Army sometimes. We wonder whether the man who wanted to know why the toothpicks weren't pointed on both ends has joined the Army yet.

You remember his sister—the one who bought a pound of animal crackers and asked the grocer to leave out the elephants, because they scared the baby.

When you haven't had a letter in more than three weeks—
And you look over the mail, expectantly and hopefully—
And, finally, a letter addressed to you comes along—
And you take it away in a corner—
And open it, alone and unobserved—
And it contains a package—
From your congressman, containing some seeds
Labeled *Pennisetum Ruppelanum*—
Ain't that a grand and glorious feeling?
Or ain't it?

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

* * *W. Hohenzollern of Potsdam, Germ., is doing his spring shelling these days.

* * *Cpl. —— —— —— was seen —— day on the streets of ——. He was looking lonely, his folks may be interested in learning.

* * *There is lots and lots of news these elegant days, as the censor will tell you.

* * *Quite a few was down to the depot last eve, watching the train come in.

* * *Ye scribe went to see a show last night, enjoying same, despite it being in a foreign tongue. Well, there was many an actress at home we couldn't understand, also.

* * *More anon.

A MERRY BALLAD OF THE EMBUSKED CIVILIAN AND HIS WILD LIFE IN GAY PAREE

Now, the *embuskéd* civilian has no troubles, not at all;
He is never called upon to fight the foe;
He can live in Paris gaily, eating ten-franc dinners daily,
He can put in blithesome evenings at a show.
True, while toying with dessert,
He may hear the wild *alerte*
Shrieked by sirens, which they call the Number 2,
And while blindly groping home,
May receive upon his dome
From a Gotha overhead this *billet doux:*

CHORUS

!!!!!!!!*******...$$—!!!**!**!*!!!!

But, in the main, civilian life in Paris has its charm;
Now the chestnut-trees are budding in the squares;
You can stroll along the boulevards and seldom come to harm—
That is, if you will mind your own affairs.
True, while idle and *distrait*
The *canon à longue portée*
From the woods of St. Gobain may launch a shell,
Which may very well decide
To remove you in your pride
To a duller world where blooms the asphodel.

GRAND CHORUS

!!!!!!!!*******...—!!**
****
Zig-z
!!
!!*!
!

Suggestion to Paris chauffeurs: Why not blow the horn once in a while?

These French *billiards* parlors are all right, but they make you long for a game of *quelle est poule.*

A FANCY

There was a man who fancied
That by driving good and fast
He'd get his car across the track
Before the train got past;
He'd miss the engine by an inch
And make the train hands sore.
There was a man who fancied this;
There isn't any more.
—"Harvard Lampoon."

There was a Boche who fancied,
With many a German curse,
That he would run this planet and
The whole darned universe.
He'd crush all those who said him nay
And dip them in their gore.
There was a Boche who fancied this;
There isn't any more.

They aren't allowed to send stuff to us any longer unless we ask specifically for it.

Well, all right. Ship over two pieces of old-fashioned strawberry short cake.

Yes, the other piece is for you.

"WHAT! YET ANOTHER?"

AN M.P. SPEAKS OUT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In your paper of March 22, one of your main headlines reads: "Men in ranks to have opportunity for bars." Below you tell just how many men each of the various organizations can send except "trains and M.P.s." Not only do I know this from your paper, but I know it from the fact that we were not allowed to send any men to the last camp, as there was no provision made for us.

Your headline was very near correct, but not entirely, for there are a few men who have no chance for bars at present. If you can reach whoever overlooked us, we would greatly appreciate it, as we are real Americans with ambitions. You can understand the dissatisfaction in an American when he has absolutely no chance for promotion.

On page eight of the same paper, you have a poem "On Guard." Well, it's a good one, for we understand guard duty. Right now I am on a week's detail—six hours on and twelve hours off, and just because I'm an M.P. (it was wished on us, too, we did not enlist in it) I have no chance to get to the Army Candidates' school.

Please don't misunderstand this letter, as I'm not trying to criticize your paper or General Headquarters, for I believe it must surely have been an oversight on somebody's part.

Thanking you in advance for mentioning this in your editorial page or getting it straight some way or other,

AN M.P.

"DOPE" WANTED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Being off in a corner of France and more or less cloaked by reason of our attachment to the E. E. F., we are a little out of touch with the latest "dope"; wherefore, this letter.

Ours was the second or third unit to land in France, 'way back in last May, so, you see, we are "vets," yet we have no service stripes and other later units have. Is it because we aren't in the "Zone of Advance," and what is the Zone of Advance?

We've still got our American uniforms and are drawing American pay even if we do have to drink tea, so we think we're entitled to the above-mentioned sleeve ornaments, if for no other reason than that we are teaching the natives and the Tommies baseball.

Can you give us some dope and let us know what you think about it?

ONE OF THE BUNCH.

WRITE THE Y.M.C.A.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Noting that Somewhere in France there is a lot of baseball equipment, I rise to inquire how, when, and where our company might obtain a small bit of same? We need six or seven fielders' gloves, a dozen or so of baseballs, and five or six bats. Otherwise, we are equipped to conduct practice and turn out a good team.

Will you tell us where to apply for this equipment, or publish this brief appeal in the hope that someone will come to our rescue?

Pvt. R. S. JONES, Engrs. Ry., A.P.O. 705.

(Write at once to Y.M.C.A. headquarters in Paris, 12 Rue d'Aguesseau. They will send you the name of the athletic director for your divisional area, who has entire charge of equipment in your region.

HE LIKES THE ED PAGE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I have just finished reading the editorial page of your edition of March 8, and am moved to make a few remarks.

I was in the newspaper business for a number of years and in several parts of the United States. But the last thought that ever entered my head was that I would have to come all the way over to France to find a sure-enough, honest-to-goodness editorial page.

Unless this is just a flash in the pan, I can see a bright future for the sheet, for it is my experience that a successful editorial page means a successful paper.

To back up this statment, I could, without any great mental strain, name a dozen papers that were successful and famous, due entirely to their editorial pages.

WILL K. CHASE, Capt., Inf., N.G.

GERMANY

THE WHAT, THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THIS WAR

By FRANK BOHN

Question: What are we here for?

Answer: Because our country has declared war on Germany and Austria.

Try again.

Because the Germans are a beastly lot, and have just naturally got a damned good beating coming to them.

That answer will last you about three weeks in the trenches.

Because the Kaiser and the Junkers started the war, and we have got to get them and hang them for their crimes.

That's exactly like blaming a crowd of grafting politicians for bad government in your home town. Everything, even the Kaiser and the Junkers, is an effect of certain causes. Let us now look into these causes.

This war is not a war between "good people" and "bad people." This is the greatest and fearfullest fight ever waged in the history of the world between two life principles—between two ways of living and of doing. These various ways of doing and thinking affect all our relations; with our women and children, our relations with our Government, and, above all, our attitude towards the peoples of other countries.

When I was in Germany the first year of the war, a very young and very intelligent actress said to me on one occasion:

"I love nobody else and nothing else in the world so much as I love the Kaiser. My one regret is that I am not a man and cannot fight for him. But if Germany is invaded, we women shall seize arms and die beneath his standard. My Kaiser is my God. I have no other God but him, and no other religion but love of his person."

Kaiser or Lover?

"Do you mean to tell me," I inquired, "that you love the Kaiser more than you love the young officer at the front to whom you are going to be married?"

"Certainly I do," she said. "I love my officer and shall marry him the first time he comes back. We have chosen our apartment, our furniture and even the pictures we are to have in our home after the war. But as much as I love him, I wouldn't die for him. For the Kaiser I should die with joy in my heart and a smile on my lips."

To understand this war we must understand Germany. Then we shall understand what Germany began this war for, and just why she must be beaten flat. We shall then understand why the masses of the German people will some day thank us for the good drubbing they are now going to receive.

I think I can answer the questions proposed at the beginning, because both my parents were born in Germany, because I studied for years at a German college, and because I have carefully observed the life and development of Germany for the past 15 years. Since the war began, I have lived in Germany and talked much with all classes of her people.

Why Germany Has Not Kept Pace

The whole life of Germany, political, social, and intellectual, is soaked through and through with the principles and methods of mediæval barbarism. Germany makes war in the same spirit in which all Europe made war five hundred years ago. When the Germans shot Edith Cavell in 1915, they thought and acted just as the English did when they burned Joan of Arc at the stake in 1415. When a German woman recently wandered over a battle-field sawing off the heads of the wounded with a hand-saw, she showed the same spirit as predominated in the Thirty Years' War, three hundred years ago.

The first question to be answered is: Why has Germany been left so far behind Western Europe and America?

This is the answer: England, France, America, and Italy have all been modernized and civilized by a process of democratic revolution. The supreme test of civilization is the practice of popular self-government through forms which yield order as well as democracy.

The English people became self-governing *in the 17th century.* The *French* people began to rule themselves during their great revolution in the 18th century. The King of England, since the end of the 17th century, has been a mere figure-head, without power to rule.

Every great conflict in American history has made us more democratic. Italy organized her national life on a democratic basis in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. In every one of our Allied nations, the supreme political power rests with the elected representatives of the people.

In Germany, not only government, but the whole social order, is totally different. The German Revolution of 1848, which, had it been successful, would have democratized and civilized Germany, was an utter failure. Following that great tragedy, two millions of German democrats emigrated to America, so the German nation lost the democratic people, who might have saved her from Bismarck and the modern Empire.

Germany is today an absolute monarchy. The Reichstag, or congress, of Germany, has no real power. The Kaiser rules Germany through the physical power of his army, and his right of personally appointing all the *ministers of government. The first business* of Germany is the business of war.

Neither the great rich nor the lowly poor have any respect for themselves. The only class which is respected are those who are born and bred as aristocrats and officers. These officers can and do amuse themselves by pushing working people, college professors, and even men of wealth and business importance, off the side-walk into the gutter.

An Officer's Privileges

It is not uncommon for the poorest German working girl to take her week's salary and give it to a soldier for the honor of walking down the street with him of a Sunday afternoon. When an officer enters a café in Berlin, and finds no vacant seat, any civilian, man or woman, is supposed to rise and courteously surrender his seat to the uniformed representative of his Imperial Majesty.

In Germany, every class below the Junkers may be properly described as cringing slaves who are permitted to exist in the land for the sole purpose of serving and honoring the aristocracy. All the schools and universities, nearly all the newspapers and books that are permitted to be published, all the clergymen of every church, without one known exception, advocate this slavery, this debauchery of the human mind and the human soul before the power that rules.

This war is a death grapple between this social system I have here described and the sort of life you know back home. Both can't go on in this modern world. Either the German people will learn to rule and respect themselves through the defeat of their Kaiser's army and the fall of their government, or that government will, through victory, set an example which will sometime be followed throughout the world.

Let us consider our own America. If we lose or compromise the issues of this war, we shall necessarily become one vast war machine, preparing night and day for the next war, which would come in ten or 20 years. In that case, we should lose our *democracy* at home in the very act of preparing to defend it against imperialism and militarism from without. Rather have our whole American people perish in the fight than lose in a cause so great as this. Remember, above all, that a patched-up "peace" which compromises the issues would not be a peace at all, but only an armed truce.

That is why we are in this fight to stay, whether it takes one year or three years or ten years.

READING IN THE TRENCHES

Up front one of the most crying, almost screaming, demands is for something to read in spare time. We know of an old copy of the *Bystander* which has been passed around by a whole battalion. Happily, it contains at least two first class quips. Here's one:

"The German people are going to vary their diet by eating earth. This is good news, for, as everyone knows, you cannot have the earth and eat it."

Here's another:

"'What steps can we take to help Belgium?' asks the *Frankischer Volksfreund.* If we know Sir Douglas Haig, the steps they will take will be jolly long ones toward the Rhine."

"NO SMOKING" SIGNS SOON TO FLOURISH

But Only in Places Where Butt Might Start Something

ROARING FIRES UNDER BAN

French Hearths Weren't Built to Accommodate Monster Blazes

"Gate that butt!"

"Douse that *bougie!*"

"Put out that pipe!"

"Yep; tough luck, but, in rooms of billets wherein straw, hay, ammunition, gasoline or other inflammable materials are stored, there is to be no more striking of matches, no smoking, no use of candles or lamps. It's forbidden—*defendu, verboten*—by a new general order.

Said order begins rather caustically by remarking that "the number of fires which have occurred in billets, barns and outbuildings occupied by the A.E.F. indicates that adequate precautions against fire have not been taken." It is undoubtedly right. Remember the fire down the line when Private John Doe, of the Boston Prides, rescued the pig from the upper story of his barn-billet? That was the first fire which the town in question had had in 50 years; and the French, like most other sensible people, have a natural aversion to fires. So would you, if you'd lost a bunch of mail, or a supply of tobacco, in the course of one.

The order goes on to say quite a number of things about fireplaces. It says they should be inspected before use—not necessarily to ascertain if Santa Claus got hung up there, but on general principles—especially in buildings (such as jails) which have not been occupied for some time before the arrival of troops.

Another thing: The order puts the ban on the open-hearth idea. "Fireplaces and chimneys in France," it says, "have generally been constructed with a view to accomodating fires of only moderate size, hence the building of large and roaring fires is dangerous." From which it would seem to follow that the A.E.F. must do its roaring outside.

In case there isn't any fireplace, you must be careful about building one of your own. The order has this to say:

"Extemporized fireplaces will be built only after the location and manner of construction have been approved by the commanding officer of the unit concerned." So, if your billet is cold and everything, and the Jack-of-all-trades in the squad or section is able to rig up a fireplace, don't start it up until you have invited the Old Man down to your little housewarming.

To help along a favorable decision, you might, you know, serve refreshments. And—oh, yes!—let the Old Man have the honor of laying the hearth's cornerstone, with an intrenching spade for a trowel. Perhaps he'll be so overcome as to make a speech.

FIGHTERS, WITH THEIR FRIENDS AND COUNSELLORS

REAL GUARD MOUNT DAILY G. H. Q. EVENT

They Put on Regular Oom-pah Concert Every Noon, Too

They're getting awfully flossy down at G.H.Q.

They've always been on the job down there, running a thoroughly American headquarters in what we like to think is the thoroughly American way. But, now that they've got everything else fixed up, they've had time to go in for a few of the frills of the game. For one thing, they stage, every forenoon at 11 o'clock, a real, honest-to-Abraham Manual-of-Interior-and-Exterior-Guard-Duty guard mount—band and all.

Not only do they stage it; they Belasco it. They're right in every detail. The guard comes up and dresses as snappy as you please in good old West Point style, and the band goes compah-compahing down the line in most approved fashion. Hereafter people from Ceylon and Singapore and the Malay Peninsula and the Straits of Magellan will not go up the Hudson to see a real guard mount; they will go to G.H.Q., American E. F.

But the guard mount isn't the only show they put on down at G.H.Q. They put on a concert every noon, with the band mounted on one of those affairs such as the elephant does his contortions on in the course of the greatest show on earth. The band leader is busy "keeping time, time, time in a sort of runic rhyme," while the musicians tralalee away with all the native melodies of Berlin (Irving, not Germany) and of the fair land of France.

Peasants from the outlying districts try to arrange their marketing trips to the town in which G.H.Q. is situated in order to have time to enjoy the noon concert by the great American band, and sit around there enthralled while the Americans ta-dee-ta-tah-tee-TAH!

HIS DECORATION

The doughboy's sentiment has not been killed by war.

After a recent raid in which the Germans were beaten off, and six Americans so distinguished themselves as to receive the *Croix de Guerre* from the French government, the body of a German officer was found with others, dangling in the American wire entanglements.

From his neck hung an Iron Cross. On his body was his identification tag. Papers and documents were taken in the search for military information. But the Iron Cross was carefully watched.

It is now being sent to the officer's family in Germany through the representatives of a neutral power.

WHAT TO SEE IN PARIS

The Arc de Triomphe

The Arc de Triomphe, situated at the crest of the Avenue des Champs-Elysées in Paris, is one of the sights of the French capital that should under no circumstances be missed by the soldier on leave in the city. Besides its architectural importance, the deeds it commemorates make it of a singular interest to all connected with the military establishment.

The motive for the erection of the great Triumphal Arch was to honor Napoleon's *Grande Armée*. The bas-reliefs decorating it represent the most important events during the martial career of the first emperor. Of these, perhaps the most famous is the one by the great sculptor, François Rude, on the pillar to the right of the span of the arch as one advances from the Champs-Elysées.

It represents the departure of the Volunteers in 1792, to stem the threatened European invasion of France. An heroic winged figure points with a sword, showing the marching men which route to take. In the minds of many Frenchman, and many lovers of France who have visited the arch, this figure has been identified as "La Marseillaise."

The massive monument, which is 140 feet high and has a span of about 100 feet, was begun in 1806, but not completed until 1835. The cost of its construction was nearly $2,000,000. It has been so set up that, on the anniversary of Napoleon's death—May 3—the ball of the setting sun is, as one stands facing it, framed exactly within the arch.

THERE'S A LIMIT

(By a Sufferer.)

My heart leaps when harmonicas
The strains of "Dixie" play;
But when they shift to "Hearts and Flowers"
My heart, not noted for its powers,
Gets car-sick right away!

THEY HAD SHARPER BAYONETS, ANYWAY

But Supply Officer Wanted To Use Those Whetstones on Axes

Whetstones were what the supply officer wanted; just plain whetstones. He had 1,000 woodchoppers working under him, and they just naturally had to have whetstones for their chopping implements. But whetstones were exactly the articles he couldn't get.

Finally, after much parleyvooing and consultation of "Army Paper Work" and burning of the midnight candle, he succeeded in making out a requisition for whetstones, and in getting somebody further along the line to forward said requisition to somebody a little further along the line, who forwarded it to somebody still further along the line, who forwarded it to somebody almost to the end of the line, who forwarded it to somebody at, or approximately at, the end of the line. That being done, he sat back and waited. Supply officers, whatever else they may be short of, are always long on patience.

In the fulness of time, a reply to his requisition came back over the overland trail saying that there were no whetstones then on hand with which to requite his painfully composed requisition. That was Paragraph 1.

He was just about to tear his hair and the reply all to bits, when he happened to glance down at Paragraph 2. Paragraph 2 referred him to an accompanying order which empowered him to go out and find a French factory that made whetstones or that could be induced to make them if it hadn't done so before. That, at least, was some consolation.

Interpreter Goes Along

Armed with the order and an interpreter, the supply officer sallied out. In the course of a week or so, he found a French factory that, in the course of a week or so, promised to take on the contract for making 1,000 whetstones. In the course of six weeks more, the factory authorities assured him they would deliver the 1,000 whetstones, F.O.B. ——.

Then—but let the supply officer finish the story; he's fairly bursting to do it:

"The French factory evidently thought it knew better than I did where I wanted those stones sent. They went to a regimental headquarters.

"The first thing I knew about it was when I got the invoice, which told where they had been shipped. I went over to get them.

"'Why,' said the regimental supply officer, 'I thought they must be a new issue; I hadn't ordered any whetstones. I tried to figure out what they were for and concluded they must be for sharpening bayonets. So I issued 'em, and every squad in the regiment has got a whetstone, and has put in two or three days whetting up bayonets.'

"Well, I put in a letter requiring him to account for them, of course, and he indorsed it properly. But he affixed to it, when he forwarded it, a photograph of a private shaving himself with his bayonet. That whole blessed regiment went up to the front with practically every bayonet sharp enough to shave with!'"

The supply officer is still trying to get whetstones for his woodchoppers. At least, he was up to going-to-press time.

THE COLONEL COULDN'T KID HIM

An Indiana boy of 20 was doing sentry duty at a certain point in the line and he had been firmly admonished by his captain to let nobody pass his post without the proper password.

A few hours later a middle-aged soldier came down the trench and was halted by Dick, the Indianian.

"Advance and give the password," Dick commanded.

"Oh, that's all right, I'm your colonel," said the other. "I don't happen to remember the password just now."

"Nix on that stuff," said Dick. "How do I know you're my colonel?"

"But I am your colonel and I demand to pass," returned the other, apparently in anger. "You can see from the insignia on my shoulders that I'm a colonel."

"That doesn't tell me anything." Dick came back. "We caught a Boche the other night who said he was an American captain and he almost got away with it. Don't come another step without the password or I'll stick this bayonet into your belly."

"I'll go and report you to your captain," said the other, and he turned on his heel and left.

Pretty soon the captain came to Dick's post.

"Dick," he said, "you're a corporal from now on. That was fine stuff you pulled on the colonel awhile ago. He was just around testing you fellows out. He got by two or three by bluffing them and they'll face charges in the morning. He might have been a German spy."

A CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENT

"Send him ——."
Yes, send them to him!
"They satisfy!"
Perhaps they do.
The name is new,
The mixture novel;
Perhaps it's roasted,
Or toasted,
Or just plain mixed.
What's in the name?
He used to smoke ——,
But now, all is changed,
Name, brand, all
Desired.
But "She" doesn't smoke,
"She" knows no difference
And he—
Just the thought
"She" sent them
Is enough.
So,
"Send him ——."

PVT. JOHN KUHNS.

MEDICINES REPLACE WINE

More than a million mildewed bottles of wine, some of which have been undisturbed for half a century, are being removed from the aging cellar of one of the most famous wineries in France to provide a place of storage for perishable medicines for the A. E. F.

The cellar will serve as a distributing center for hospitals back of the front. The American Red Cross sought several weeks for a place of darkness and constant temperature before finding the cellar, and when they did discover it and inquired about its use, the owners insisted on removing their stock, valued at several million dollars, and turning it over to the use of the organization gratis.

L. Gros, Imprimeur-Gérant, 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris, Printing Office of the Continental "Daily Mail," Ltd.

They're off! The season starts once more,
And big league players slam the pill
Just as they did in days of yore
While we looked on with many a thrill.

BIG LEAGUE SEASON OPENS IN TWO HEMISPHERES

They're off! The season over here
Has opened—this the game of death—
Wherein men play who know not fear,
While worlds look on with bated breath.

WILLARD AND FULTON ARE NOT STRANGERS

Champion and Challenger Swapped Punches Nearly Three Years Ago

GOOD PUFF FOR PLASTERER

Minnesota Boy Laid Johnson's Conqueror on Boards During Exhibition Bout

Now that Jess Willard and Fred Fulton have been matched for a championship battle, boxing fans all over the world are discussing the possible outcome of the encounter. Many are wondering if boxing history will repeat itself. Jack Johnson fought and beat Jim Jeffries in the west on July 4, 1910, and when Willard meets Fulton he will defend the title which he grabbed from Johnson in Cuba. The championship may change hands again.

Many fans may not remember it, but this will be the second meeting of Willard and Fulton. Strangely enough, it was through their first meeting that Fulton sprang into prominence.

The Rochester, Minn., plasterer had been boxing with indifferent success until May 1915, when Jess Willard, the newly crowned heavyweight champion, visited in Fulton's home town to give an exhibition. Fulton was selected as his victim. The bout was to go four rounds, provided, of course, that Fred could last that long.

Fulton not only lasted, but cut loose several times, realizing that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose, and in one of the mixups the champion was forced to the floor. Jess, of course, did not stay down long and he and his manager, the well-known fistic mogul, Cherokee Tom Jones, claimed that it was merely a slip-down.

Big Ad for Fulton

There were many witnesses present, and at once the report was sent out that Fulton had floored the champion, and this gave Fred a lot of advertising. A controversy resulted and Fulton's stock immediately rose. To help matters, Fulton shortly after sent a few third and fourth raters down for the count and he was made pugilistically.

Fulton and Willard were matched to meet at New Orleans in March the following year, but the plasterer made such a poor showing against Porky Flynn that all negotiations were called off. Fulton claimed that he was ill and out of shape for this match and this was borne out later when he stopped Porky in New York in four rounds.

Shortly after that Fulton stopped Fireman Jim Flynn in Milwaukee. This bout looked like a rank fake to many of the spectators, but Fulton kept on climbing upward. He easily stopped Andre Anderson in four rounds soon afterwards, and also Tom Cowler, Al Reich and Charlie Weinert. Then followed the Fulton-Morris fiasco at New York, which caused such a howl, Fulton losing on a foul in five rounds. Fulton claimed that he was robbed in this bout by the referee and that Morris should have been disqualified instead.

Fulton retrieved himself somewhat by giving Sam Langford a bad lacing at Boston and the public again began to figure him as the most available candidate to meet Willard. Fulton then whipped Gunboat Smith in seven rounds, a month later lost to Harry Tate on a foul, but two weeks later wiped out this defeat by stopping Tate in two rounds.

Along Came Moran

Next came Frank Moran, and Fulton's decisive win over Frank in three rounds was really the making of Fulton. Since then Fred has beaten Jim Harper in two rounds and Tom Cowler in five. Just before these bouts Fulton had received another setback when Billy Miske held him even in ten rounds at St. Paul.

His record shows that the Rochester lanky giant is an in-and-outer. He goes along well for a time and then falls down miserably. In his early fights, it also was claimed that he was "yellow" and his gameness is still questioned.

Fulton is a tall rangy scrapper, 6 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs about 215 pounds. He is 27 years of age and has almost as long a reach as Willard. Fulton will have the advantage over Willard in age and activity in the ring. He has been fighting right along, while the champion has been taking it easy since he won the title—in fact, since April 5, 1915, he has had but one bout, that with Frank Moran in New York two years ago. Since then Jess has done little boxing.

Size Gave Willard Title

Willard got his chance at Johnson's title simply on account of his size and he merely wore Johnson down in 26 rounds in Cuba. For this battle Messrs. Jones and Curley developed a fine left jab for the big fellow and he has been able to keep all his adversaries at a distance with it. Jess had the advantage in size and weight over both Johnson and Moran, but with Fulton he will have it only in weight and this may prove a handicap. But if Willard can get back into shape, he should retain his title.

Fulton's best wallop is a left hook to the body and Jess will be trained to avoid this. Fulton may wear himself out trying to beat the big champion, and the outcome of the battle will depend entirely upon the question whether Jess can regain enough of his oldtime form to keep Fulton away from him and force him to wear himself out.

Fulton's gameness also will help decide the battle.

NEVADA BANS BIG FIGHT

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—Governor Boyle of Nevada says that Jess Willard and Fred Fulton can't hold their Fourth of July fight in his State. To rub it in, he adds that they have his unqualified permission to fight in France any time they wish.

The State of New Mexico has also refused its permission. At the hour of cabling, the Governor of North Carolina had not communicated with the Governor of South Carolina upon the subject.

The United States marshal, in Utica, N. Y., has just seized and burned 37 reels of the movies depicting the Johnson-Willard fight in Havana, under a court ruling to the effect that fight pictures are illegal. All that was notwithstanding a protest from the owners of the pictures that they weren't sport—they were ancient history.

Jake Daubert, of the Dodgers, has batted 304 in 1,105 games in the big leagues.

FULTON'S RING RECORD

				Rds.
1915.				
.....	—Ben Trimble....	K.	..Hudson	2
Aug.	13—S. Kisley.....	K.	..Hudson	1
Aug.	23—Jack Moran....	K.	..Sparta, Wis..	5
June	4—Frank Farmer..	K.	..Eau Claire..	6
Aug.	6—Bill Clark.....	K.	..Duluth	2
Aug.	27—Arthur Pelkey..	No dec.	..Eau Claire..	10
Aug.	3—Tom Logan.....	K.	..Eau Claire..	2
Oct.	28—Arthur Pelkey..	K.	..Oshkosh	4
Nov.	5—Terry Kellar....	Stpd.	..Duluth	6
Nov.	17—A. Anderson....	K.	..Milwaukee ..	4
1916.				
Jan.	28—Porky Flynn....	W.	..New Orleans.	20
Mar.	17—Jim Flynn.....	K.	..Milwaukee ..	4
Apr.	28—Al Reich.....	Stpd.	K. ..New York..	9
Oct.	27—A. Anderson....	K.	..Eau Claire..	1
1917.				
Jan.	9—Tom Cowler.....	K.	..Brooklyn	1
Feb.	12—Chas. Weinert..	K.	..New York....	1
Apr.	4—Carl Morris.....	L.	F. ..New York..	7
June	19—Sam Langford...	W.	..Boston	3
June	26—Chas. Weinert..	W.	F. ..Buffalo	2
July	5—Porky Flynn.....	K.	..Brooklyn	4
July	9—Jack Moran.....	K.	..St. Louis....	5
Sept.	3—Carl Morris.....	W.	F. ..Canton, Ohio	6
Oct.	19—Bob Devery.....	K.	..Milwaukee ..	3
Nov.	27—Gunboat Smith..	K.	..Indianapolis.	7
1918.				
.....	—Billy Miske.....	D.	..St. Paul....	10
.....	—Tom McMahon..	K.	..Denver	6
Feb.	25—Frank Moran...	K.	..New Orleans.	5
Mar.	9—Tom Cowler....	K.	..St. Louis....	5
Mar.	15—Jim Harper....	K.	..Memphis	2

MISKE-COWLER BOUT STOPPED BY REFEREE

St. Paul Boy Spills English Heavyweight Boxer in Seventh Round

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—Billy Miske of St. Paul stopped Tom Cowler, the English heavyweight, in the seventh round of a ten round bout in Minneapolis. The English boxer was knocked down twice for the count, and the referee stopped the battle.

Miske took every round except the third, which was even. He carried the fight to his opponent throughout, and put in heavy left swings to the face and right hooks to the body repeatedly. He also had the better of the clinches and in fighting. Cowler's weight was 210; Miske's, 175.

In Philadelphia, Champion Benny Leonard trimmed young Joe Borrell. He sent Joe through the ropes with a left to the jaw in the first round. He went easy the next three, and in the fifth pounded Borrell fiercely, but failed to knock him out and Borrell lasted through the sixth.

In Buffalo Patsy Cline got a decision in ten rounds over Rocky Kansas, of Buffalo.

In Providence, Billy De Foe won over Packey Hommey in a 12 round bout.

In Boston, Bryan Downey, the Columbus, Ohio, welterweight, defeated Tommy Robson in 12 rounds.

At Racine, Eddie McGoorty, middleweight, knocked out Frankie Brennan in the second round of a ten round bout. Brennan was knocked down twice in the first round.

STAR SHELLS

By Q. M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q. M. C.

S' DEATH

The man who put the numbers on the
houses in Paree
Will always be a muchly hated enemy
to me,
And if I ever find him by his lonesome
little self,
I'll bang him on the coco and I'll slip
him on the shelf;
He wasted me a wond'rous day, he made
me miss a feed,
He chased me here and yon and there
with vain and anxious speed;
He made me utter wrathful words of
such a vivid tint
That it might break our linotype to set
'em up in print.

I started out, a happy lad, with invite
in my mitt,
To dine at noon with Madame Boone,
and afterwards to sit
Within her garden where the sun comes
sneaking through the trees,
And where a Yankee soldier boy may
feel quite at his ease;
I had the address on a card, 'twas plain
as it might be—
I thought I'd have no trouble finding
"10 Bout. St. Denee."

The street I found in half an hour, but
then began my woe—
I couldn't e'en approximate the proper
numero.
The first chateau was labeled "6," the
next was "28."
The third was "47," and the fourth sold
beurre and *lait;*
The next I saw was number "4," the
sixth was "42"—
'Twas then and there the atmosphere
became a brilliant blue;
But after yanking out my hair and
biting off my thumb,
I beat it back to barracks where I dined
on soothing slum.

So the man who put the numbers on the
houses in Paree
Will never get a *Croix de Guerre* or
D. S. C. from me;
And should I ever catch him on a dark
and lonely lane,
I'll shoot him with my forty-four and
toss him in the Seine.

* * *

M. G.—Yes; those little boxes at the top of this page are called "ears." And, being on the sport page, we often refer to them as cauliflower ears. Does that settle the bet?

* * *

LANCE-CPL. ADAM.

When Adam was a Lance Jack,
As they say he used to be,
I'll bet they had some army,
Missus Eve and he.

Eve must have been a Major
In the doughty days of yore,
Because the Bible tells us
About the leaves she wore.
—"Mc."

* * *

Another difference betwen the land of Jeanne d'Arc and that of Uncle Sam is that over here one has to pay 50 centimes for a time-table, while at home—eh, you remember, don't you?

* * *

Sometimes we think writing a sport column is like using a busted fountain pen.

The more you write, the worse it looks.

SUNDAY BALL LOSES

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—New York State fans will have no professional Sunday baseball this year. The legislature, at the last minute, turned it down.

Among the other sins of the Senate and Assembly may be mentioned another deprivation to sport lovers—the failure of the boxing bill. It, too, has gone by the boards and over the ropes and everything.

GIANTS AND INDIANS END SERIES IN TIE

Each Team Takes Three Games, With Last Battle a Draw

DODGERS LOSE TO RED SOX

Braves Are Victors in Only One of Eight Pre-season Brushes With Yanks

NEW YORK, April 18.—The home coming big league clubs were welcomed by a little blizzard on their way up north.

The Cleveland-New York pre-season engagement ended with each team winning three games and the seventh tied.

In Houston the Giants beat the Indians 6 to 0. The Indians gathered only one hit and this was cancelled when McCarthy threw out Marty Kavanaugh, trying to steal second. The Clevelanders got only three men on the bases. Long Bob Groom, former Washington and St. Louis Brown pitcher, got bumped hard in the early innings, but stuck for the entire nine sessions and allowed only one hit to the Giants in the last three innings.

In the second inning, the Giants rolled up four more runs and practically ended the game. The Giants' new acquisition, Jess Barnes, and Jeff Tesreau, the Ozark Mountain bear, furnished deceptive pitching that helped hold the Indians to the single hit.

At New Orleans the Indians recovered and drubbed the Giants well, 10 to 0. The Giants slumbered, and the Indians got 12 hits off Benton and Perritt. Guy Morton delighted the Indians by pitching six innings and his old time speed was too much for the Giants' bats. In this contest Benny Kauff got his first hit of the season.

In the next game, at New Orleans, the Giants squared up, beating the Indians 4 to 0. Salee, for the Giants, allowed only four hits in five innings, and Anderson held the Indians down without a hit. Twelve batters faced the Giants' pitchers, and five of them were retired on strikes. Not a batter reached first base while Anderson was in the box. Summary: Innings pitched—Salee, 5; Anderson, 4; Covaleskie, 8; Lambeth, 1. Hits—off Salee, 4; off Covaleskie, 9; off Lambeth, 0. Left on bases—New York, 7; Cleveland, 4. Bases on balls—off Salee, 2; off Covaleskie, 3. Struck out—by Salee, 1; by Anderson, 5; by Covaleskie, 2. Stolen bases—Burns, Holke, Graney. Double plays—Hoyle to Holke.

Giant Twirlers Hold Indians

At Chattanooga the Giants won the sixth game, 5 to 1. Tesreau allowed the Indians two hits in five innings, and Barnes held them without a hit. The Indians got a lead in the first inning but were overhauled before the end. Summary: Two base-hits—Speaker, Zimmerman. Three base hits—Holke. Home run—Burns. Double plays—Chapman to Miller, Fletcher, Schaffer to Holke. Bases on balls—off Wilkinson, 1; off Tesreau, 3. Struck out—by Tesreau, 1; by Onzman, 3.

At Lexington, Ky., the Giants went out of their way to hand the Indians a ten inning game at 5 to 4. At the beginning of the sixth inning the Giants had a lead of 3 to 1, when the Indians woke up and romped through. Summary. Two base hits—Speaker, Fletcher. Stolen bases—Fletcher, Speaker. Base on balls—off Groom, 1; off Morton, 3; off Causey, 1; off Smith, 3. Left on bases—New York, 10; Cleveland, 8. Hits—off Groom, 6 in five innings; off Morton, 2 in four innings; off Causey, 6 in five innings; off Smith, 6 in four innings. Struck out—by Groom, 2; by Morton, 1; by Causey, 2; by Smith, 2; by Onzman, 1.

Dodgers Beaten by Red Sox

The Brooklyn Dodgers lost their pre-season series to the Red Sox. One game was tied, in 13 innings, and there were two other extra inning games. Brooklyn winning one, 4 to 3, in 13 innings, and the Sox taking the other, 7 to 5, in 16 innings. At New Orleans the Dodgers won in the 13th inning, 4 to 3.

Marquard shut out Boston for six innings. Brooklyn scored in the third inning when Marquard, Olson, O'Mara and Daubert hit safely, sending in two runs. Boston took the lead in the seventh when Mamaux failed to get the ball over and was hit hard. Summary:

	Runs	Hits	Errors
Boston	3	13	5
Brooklyn	4	17	2

At Mobile the Brooklyns and Bostons finished in a 13 inning draw, the Dodgers leading in hits by 16 to 12, but leading in errors 7 to 3. Summary: Two base hits—Meyers, Shean, Mays. Three base hit—Mayer. Home run—Mitchell. Left on base—Brooklyn, 12; Boston, 17. First base on errors—Brooklyn, 3; Boston, 4. Bases on balls—off Cheney, 4; off Mitchell, 3; off Leonard, 2. Hits—off Cheney, 5 in three innings; off Mitchell, 7 in eight innings; off Mays, 8 in seven innings; off Leonard, 8 in six innings. Struck out—by Cheney, 2; by Mitchell, 3; by Mays, 1; by Leonard, 7.

The Yankees won signally in their pre-season games with the Boston Braves, taking seven games out of eight.

The St. Louis Browns beat the Cardinals in St. Louis, 6 to 3.

At Little Rock, the Detroit Americans beat the Cincinnati Reds, 5 to 3.

At Waco, Tex., the Chicago Nationals beat the Waco club 3 to 2.

The members of the new International league will be Syracuse, Buffalo, Rochester, Toronto, Newark, Jersey City, and Baltimore. The big league managers won't let the Bronx come in.

WHAT ABOUT ALEXANDER?

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—There has been great excitement because Grover Cleveland Alexander, the Chicago National league pitcher, was called in the draft, but after studying many heated columns we know only that maybe Alexander will be drafted and maybe he won't.

The Chicago club announces that it will lose $50,000 if Alexander takes to the gun, but all concerned are patriotically willing, though they keep their fingers crossed.

Roger Bresnahan expects to do a lot of backstopping for Toledo this year. Last season he caught only 26 games. Sweeney, who did the bulk of the work behind the bat last summer, is in the Army.

IN THE ARMY NOW

The outcome of the major league baseball seasons is somewhat complicated by the fact that every team has lost a number of players through the draft and enlistments. The situation in the American league is particularly puzzling for this reason. In addition, there are two new managers, Miller Huggins of the Yankees and Ed Barrow of the Red Sox. Following is a list of players lost by the American league thus far:

Chicago—Scott, Jenkins, Kieser, Payne, Von Kolnitz.

Boston—Barry, Shore, Bader, Janvrin, Pennock, McNally, Gainer, Shorten, Lewis.

Cleveland—Harris, Guisto, Dickerson, Smith, Torkelson, Petty, De Berry.

Detroit—Burns, Alten, Fuller, Oldham, Nicholson, Hollywood, Ellison.

New York—Fisher, Kane, Smallwood.

Washington—Gibson, Menosky, Leonard, Murray.

St. Louis—Fincher, Jacobson, Yale.

Athletics—Haley, McAvoy, Anderson, Bates, Johnson, Noyes, Seibold, Sharman, Murphy, Witt.

SEA AND SKY MEN MEET ON DIAMOND

Dirigible Station Team Dies Hard After Nine Fast Innings

When you look out at the sea from the deck of the transport it's hard to tell where sky and water meet. They do meet, though. They met on the diamond quite recently, when the Flying Bluejackets of a U. S. Naval Air Station defeated the nine from a certain U. S. Naval Dirigible Station, all in a certain place in France, on a certain afternoon, by a score of 7 to 6.

Rain threatened to mar the game, but the tars, even the up-in-the-air ones, held up the contest for only five minutes. In the first inning with only two on, Marcou of the Flying Blues pronged a deep one to left, scoring Schofield and Rieser but being held at second himself by the fast fielding of the Dirigible doughties. A pretty play came in the third when Rieser, with two on and one down, hunted Schofield and Hemphill across the plate, making the score 5 to 2.

The score:

Flying Bluejackets.
(U. S. Naval Aviation Station,)

	AB	H	PO	A	E
Schofield, ss	2	1	0	1	1
Rieser, 3b	5	3	0	3	0
Stone, 2b	5	1	4	2	2
Marcou, lf	4	1	0	0	0
White, 1b	5	2	11	0	0
Gillespie, cf	3	1	2	0	1
Long, rf	4	1	0	0	0
Bequette, c	2	0	10	2	0
Hemphill, p	4	1	0	3	0
Total	35	11	27	11	4

U. S. Dirigible Station.

	AB	H	PO	A	E
Morin, 2b	5	1	2	1	1
Grimm, cf	4	0	1	0	0
Durham, 3b	4	2	0	3	1
Campbell, 1b	5	1	9	2	1
Daniels, rf and p	5	0	0	0	0
Minckler, lf	3	0	1	0	0
Brewer, ss	3	1	1	3	2
Kuhns, c	4	0	8	2	0
Delano, p	3	0	2	1	0
Riley, x	1	0	0	0	0
Johnson, c	0	0	1	0	0
Mosby, xx	1	0	1	0	0
Total	38	5	25*	12	5

*One out when winning run scored.
xBatted for Kuhns in 8th inning.
xxBatted for Delano in 9th inning.

Score by Innings.

Flying Bluejackets	2	0	0	3	1	0	0	0	1	—7
U. S. Dirigible Section.	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	1	1	—6

Summary.—Home run, Brewer. Two base hit, Hemphill. Sacrifice hit, Schofield, Marcou. Stolen bases, White, Schofield 2, Gillespie. Struck out, by Hemphill 9, by Delano 5. Bases on balls, off Hemphill 5, off Delano 4. Hits, off Delano 8 in 8 innings, off Daniels 3 in 1 inning. Left on bases, Bluejackets 9, Dirigibles 9. Time, 2 hours 15 minutes. Umpire, Lieutenant Corry.

Results of Other Games

In the preliminary games of the Paris baseball league played last Sunday, the second Navy team won from the Military Police in a short contest. The Medical Repair Department nine won from S. S. U. 650, 1 to 0; and the Engineer Purchasing Office trimmed the Base Censor team, 6 to 4.

THEY ADMIT THEY'RE GOOD

Company A, ——— Supply Trains Motors, R. E. G., is out with a challenge to any baseball nine in the A. E. F. with whom it may be convenient to arrange a game.

Company A's nine played the team of Company C of the same organization last week and defeated them 13 to 3.

"In fact," says their manager, "we haven't played a team yet that will try our battery and do more than afford small practice for our infield."

MACHINE GUN NINE SNOWED 'WAY UNDER

Headquarters Company of Engineers Finds It Has Lots of Talent

Headquarters Company of the ——— U. S. Engineers had so much university and minor league talent in the opening game of the baseball season that it defeated the nine of Company C ——— Carthy, on the mound for the winners, allowed but five hits. Williams fielded second base without an error and was Machine Gun Battalion, 16 to 2. Mcthe star in hitting, getting three singles, a double and driving out a sacrifice fly, driving in a total of five runs and scoring another himself.

The score:

Company C.

	AB	H	PO	A	E
Sloan, cf	4	0	2	0	1
A. Johnson, 1b	4	2	12	0	1
Haney, rf	5	1	1	0	1
Mitchell, ss	3	1	3	3	1
Anderson, 2b	4	0	3	2	2
C. Collison, lf	3	1	2	0	0
Matterson, c	3	0	1	3	1
A. Collison, 3b	3	0	0	2	2
R. Johnson, p	3	0	0	1	0
McCarthy, p	1	0	0	1	0
Total	33	5	24	12	7

Headquarters Company.

	AB	H	PO	A	E
Destafano, ss	6	3	2	3	1
Stoops, lf	4	2	1	0	0
Manning, cf	5	0	0	0	0
Williams, 2b	5	4	2	4	0
Goff, 3b	4	1	0	0	1
Semple, 3b	2	2	1	0	0
Gibson, 1b	5	3	5	0	0
Peo, c	2	1	5	0	0
Helms, c	4	2	9	1	0
Kerr, p	5	1	1	3	0
O. Williams, rf	3	2	0	0	0
Thompson, rf	1	0	1	0	0
Boozinger rf	1	0	0	0	0
Total	47	22	27	12	3

Score by Innings. R H E

Co. C	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—	2	5	7
H.Q. Co.	1	5	2	0	0	4	4	x	—16	22	3	

Summary.—Two base hits, W. Williams, Mitchell. Stolen bases, Destafano, Stoops, Williams, Goff, Manning, Helms, Kerr, Anderson, Collison, Johnson. Double plays, Mitchell, Anderson, Johnson. Sacrifice fly, W. Williams. Base on balls, off Kerr 1, off Johnson 3, off McCarthy 2. Struck out, by Kerr 14, by Johnson 3, by McCarthy 2. Time of game, 1 hour 50 minutes. Umpire, Lieutenant Manning.

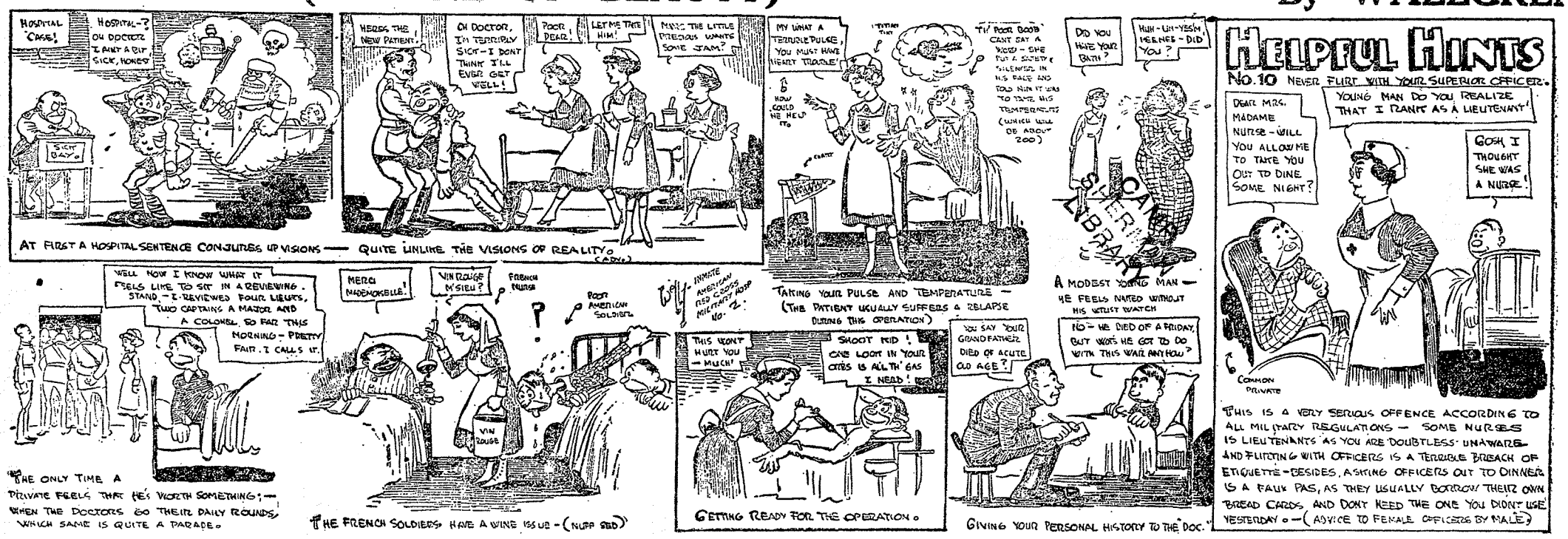
Pitcher Milligan, of the Pirates, has been called in the draft and will join the aviation section.

LOUIS LEONARD IS READY

The challenge of Corporal Johnny Boyle of the Fighting ——— Infantry has been taken up. Louis Leonard, of the equally Fighting ——— Infantry, has been heard from. Louis, according to his manager, Leo Lipsic, of Company H, ——— Infantry, "to the club offering the best amount, will meet Boyle or anyone of the Allies in six to ten rounds." He adds that his charge will weigh in at 118 to 123 pounds, and calls him "one of New England's best boys."

"Hoping to receive an early reply," Manager Lipsic may be addressed in care of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

SK IN HOSP (IN LINE OF BEAUTY) —By WALLGREN



NO, YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET BY WITH A JOKE

April Fool Is Gone and Past, and There's No Need of Mentioning Anybody's Name Anyhow, But Someone Got a Laugh Out of It

I'd been in the service about a week last year when April first rolled round and caught me napping. Our Top put over a fake 'phone call on me first thing off the bat. Just as he expected, I fell for it and spent a dollar and 40 cents calling a number on long distance, to find that my party had nothing in particular to say to me other than that she was sorry such a mistake had been made.

Many things have happened since April 1, 1917. Our Top's a lieut now and I'm a corporal. When All-Fool's day came around this time I hadn't forgotten the 'phone call. Over here in France it isn't so easy to dope out fake calls, so I had to resort to something else.

I enlisted the services of Buck, who also had numerous grievances against our old top cutter; and soon preparations were under way for an unpleasant surprise for the lieut.

We went over along officers' row and found a discarded tin box that has safely convoyed a cake or something past Fritz's subs. Next we found the wrapper that had accompanied it. The rest was easy. We changed the name of the officer and the regiment and company address, then with the tin box we retreated to the horse corral.

After we'd tied it all up and kicked it a few times to give it the appearance of having crossed the ocean, we tossed it into the morning's mail and hid in the mess tent, where we had an excellent view of officers' row.

Only Once a Year

Presently, the lieut sauntered over to the Top's tent, collected his mail and walked back again.

"Won't he be sore, though!" Buck says.

"I'd hate to have him know who did it!" I says.

"April First comes only once a year," Buck laments.

Well, there wasn't much happened. We watched for about an hour, but when the lieut came out of his tent again it was to take a squint at the weather. Buck guessed he hadn't opened his morning's mail yet. I had my doubts about that.

Along about three in the afternoon the Top calls Buck and I into his tent. We were relieved to find that he was alone.

"Now," says Top, "you fellows have a little trip comin' to you, I guess. The lieut was over here a while ago and said to have you dress up in your best, clean up your side arms, and report to him at four. I think you're goin to lug some prisoners away. Now get busy and clean up. You couldn't get past the cook shack lookin' like that!" He points to my trousers where I'd sewed up a rip. "You look like you'd been through a bayonet charge."

"April fool," I says. "I ain't been nowhere."

"Well, you're goin' somewhere too sweet," he says.

So Buck and I slick up. I shined his shoes and he shined mine. I togs up in my best uniform—I've only got two besides a pair of English fatigue trousers—and gets out my brand new hat that I've been saving for my trip to Aix.

"I'll bet we're goin' to Paris, maybe," Buck says.

"Sure we are," I says.

Scratching on the Canvas

Over at the lieut's tent I scratched on the canvas and was saluted with the word, "Well!"

"I have instructions to report to you, sir," I tells him.

"Oh, yes; come in."

Buck and I stepped inside, looking like a million dollars just after it'd come out of the mint. On a table in front of him the lieut has a lot of papers spread out, which looked like ready transportation. It was a happy moment.

"Now," says the lieut, after he's spent some time looking over an official order, "d' you fellows know when that train leaves for Paris this evening?"

"About six," Buck says.

"And do you have any idea what a fellow could do in Paris for five days," he goes on—"I mean what could he do to pass the time away?"

"Five days!" I almost choked. "Why, he could—we could—there's a lot of theaters and things, you know. That would be easy."

"Five days is a lot of time," the lieut says, meditatingly.

I looked over at Buck and he looks as though he's going to do a flop right there in the tent.

I waited a minute while the lieut does some figuring on a piece of paper. Then he tosses the pencil away and looks up at us.

"Do you remember that prisoner you pinched a week or so ago for callin' you names?" he asks me.

I nodded my head. It was very clear to me now. The Top had doped it out just about right.

Waiting at the Guard House

"Well, the lieut says, "he and five others are waiting for you at the guard house. I'm going to Paris on this evening train for a five-days' visit, and while I'm gone you'll be in charge of these six prisoners. It'll be your duty, with Buck's assistance, to keep the horse corral well policed each day," he goes on, "and you can give the regimental street a going over each morning, too. That's all."

"Yes, sir," I says, and saluted. I never so much as smiled.

* * * * * *

The next morning we were en route to the corral with our six prisoners.

"Holy smoke!" says this guy that I'd pinched the week before. "Yesterday was April First and I plum forgot to fool anybody. . . Did you get fooled, corporal?"

I didn't say a word, but looks over at Buck.

"Shall I kick him?" Buck asks.

"No," I says; "stick him with the bayonet."

SETH T. BAILEY, Corp. Inf.

YE OLDE DAYS OF SHOVELRY

Terrible Implement of Warfare Used Even by Sailors

We used to spell it "chivalry." Now it is "shovelry."

American soldiers, eager for a charge at the Boche, are learning that, although war may be symbolized by the magazine cover designers and others in a young man dashing "over the top" with a bayonet held decorously at high port, it neither begins nor ends there. Most of the troops here, by more or less frequent association, have become well acquainted with the shovel. It's the grand old, ever-present necessity of warfare, ancient and the new. It is conceivable that an army might go to war without rifles. But without shovels—never! War, the American soldier is coming to learn, is nine-tenths work and one-tenth fighting.

The engineers got ahold of the shovel handle early. It was what they expected anyhow. And they were joined by the infantry and the marines, the guardsmen and—yes, 'tis true—the sailors.

A battalion of marines moved into a camp one day next to the station of an engineering company. As the engineers marched forth next morning, their picks and shovels at a proper right shoulder, the marines gave 'em the laugh.

"Join the engineers," shouted they, "and work."

The next day came an order to issue shovels to each marine and they joined the engineers on the job. What is more, the engineers were made foremen by virtue of their familiarity with the work. The "kid" was reversed.

"Join the engineers," sang the latter, "and watch the marines work."

There are training trenches to dig, sewers to be laid, water systems to install, railroad yards to be constructed and the soldier, perforce, is doing it.

THE GROANING BOARD IN GERMANY

One of the postcards most popular at present with Germans who are disposed to try and make light of the empire's food difficulties is one bearing the following recipe for preparing a war meal:

"Dip the meat card in the egg card and bake it in the butter card to a nice brown on both sides. The vegetable card is to be steamed with the flour card until partly tender and then cooked with the potato card until done.

"For dessert the left-over pieces of the dough card are to be sprinkled with the cheese card, covered with some small pieces of extra cards, and served with the pitted fruit card. Then put the potato card in boiling water, add the milk card, dissolve the sugar card in it, and throw in some toasted crumbs of a white bread card.

"Be sure to remember that the kitchen fire is to be made with a coal card and your hands washed with a soap card and dried on a clothing card."

The young lady across the water thinks that those things the Ordnance Department men wear on their collars are awfully cute; but why the pineapple?

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE TOP

CAMP SHERMAN

Some kids was born with golden spoons, our Top was born with nails
A-sandwiched in between his lips—or maybe 'twas third rail.
For verbal lightnin' he can wield as can no other guy,
And if you have a button off, you'll know the when and why!

He's served his sev'ral hitches and has hiked it on the plains;
He thinks it's too darn lady-like for us to ride in trains
Or open trucks or camions; and if he had his way,
We'd all get fallen arches from a-walkin' 'round all day.

He bawls at us at dawning and he bawls at us at night—
The only thing he lives for is to give recruits a fright;
He's harder than the Skipper and the first and second loots,
And six foot men, when facin' him, just shiver in their boots!

I wish they would commission him, and rob him of his sting;
Before I'd ask his favor, I'd take double shots of bing—
But still, he has his uses; if he didn't use us rough,
We'd get it from the Skipper and—well, one such guy's enough!

WHOLE HOSPITAL CURED BY ONE ART DEPARTMENT

The Art Department of your newspaper has been sick. The Art Department has had boils under its left arm—eight of them, as big as New England hailstones.

While that didn't bother the Art Department much—for its right arm was still able to salute, to hoist things to its face, to scratch its head in search of ideas, and occasionally to make cunning little chicken tracks with an art pen on a piece of perfectly good bristol board—still, the Art Department thought something ought to be done about it. That left arm incapacitated its style in trying to speak semaphore French, and made setting up exercises anything but a pleasure.

So the Art Department went to the sick bay. The Art Department, being a marine, persists in calling it the sick bay, when any other mortal would refer to it as the infirmary. The medico in charge of the sick bay took one peek, and shipped the Art Department off to Dr. Blake's Red Cross hospital in the Rue Piccini, just off the Avenue Malakoff, in Paris.

"Hell, I'm all right," protested the Art Department. "I don't have to work with two hands like these ordinary typewriting guys. I can get along all right; honest, I can. I feel good as anything."

Art Department Gets Free Ride

"Better have 'em out," advised the medic; and without another word the Art Department was bundled off in the Red Cross Black Maria.

They took the Art Department tenderly and divested it of its marine green and wrap puts and other impedimenta. They gave it clean pajamas and a mauve dressing gown. Rumor has it that they also gave it a bath.

Thus equipped, the Art Department felt quite chipper. It sat up in bed and fairly beamed. Finally, it called for pen and paper.

A kind nurse brought them. And then the fun began.

First, a youngish surgeon, sporting only single shoulder-bars, was sketched. It made the nurse awfully uncomfortable, for she doesn't like to laugh at superior officers behind their backs. But that wasn't an instance to her discomfort when one of the Big Mogul surgeons happened by, and the Art Department, which ain't got no sense of shame, sketched him, too. It simply couldn't resist the beard.

The nurses, who were now beginning to gather in force, stuck a thermometer in the Art Department's mug in an effort to quiet it. But the Art Department wouldn't quiet. Propped up in bed with the thermometer elevated six points north-by-northeast in the rakish angle of the accustomed cigarette, it proceeded to sketch the nurses, dimples and all. And then it turned to its fellow sufferers on the adjoining cots, and proceeded to sketch them.

By this time, the wing of the hospital in which the Art Department was segregated had lost all sense of discipline. Those who were able and well were leaning weakly up against the walls, holding their sides or corsets, whichever they happened to have, in an effort to keep from bursting with unholy glee. Those who were not able and well lay crouched upon their cots, trying to forget the pictures by closing their eyes, but not having any luck at all. A patient who was in imminent danger of straining a blood vessel had to be summarily removed.

An orderly came up on the run, to try and quiet the row. Before he could get two words out—there he was, in black and white, with those two missing front teeth showing up in the picture. He fled in confusion.

They finally quieted the Art Department, but only temporarily, by shooting it full of ether and proceeding to cut out the boils. They thought the ether fumes would make it lie doggo until the hospital force had regained its poise. But not so.

It looked up out of its anaesthetic trance, yawned, and asked for a cigarette. A nurse, still chuckling, was standing by its bedside.

"Now will you behave?" asked Friend Nurse, in a futile attempt to look stern.

"Sure," obligingly assented the Art Department, "sure I will if you'll hand me that drawing board and pen. I saw a lot of funny things in the air when they had me doped, and I want to draw 'em!"

With a shriek, the nurse fled down the corridor, calling loudly for husky orderlies to come quick with a straitjacket. But no orderlies came. They, too, had collapsed from sheer force of merriment.

At last reports both Art Department and hospital were doing well.

THOSE SERVICE FLAGS

Want to start an argument? Then some night when time hangs heavy in the barracks, ask someone across the aisle to tell you the color scheme of the American service flag. You know, the one they've hung out in the bay window back home to show you're in the Army, and which will probably get in the way of the ice card this summer and have to be moved. Here's how to go about it:

You: "Say, Bill, what's the color of a service flag?"

Bill: "Why, red, white and blue, I s'pose, just like any other flag."

You: "Yeah, but how are the colors arranged?"

Bill: "Why, er—er—red border, white center, and blue—no, that ain't right. Blue border, blue star—lessee—"

Bill's Bunkie: "Naw, you're all wrong. It's red border, blue center, white—wait a sec—white border, red center—"

Cook (passing through to bunk on return from day's final chow): "Wassat? Service flag colors? Ask me; the folks have got one hung up on the weather vane on the barn. It's a blue border, red center, and—"

Bill: "That's just what I said—blue center, red border—"

Bill's Bunkie: "Naw, you didn't That's what I said. Blue star, red border—"

Etc., etc., etc.

Try it and see how it works.

BASE CENSOR IS WISE TO ANYTHING YOU SAY

And If You Come in a Language He Isn't Hep To He'll Find Someone Who Is—Right in This Man's Army, Too

Yes, you can still call him the Base Censor; but don't forget that the accent is *not* on the adjective, at least in his hearing. And his hearing is remarkably good; he's liable to be listening in on you almost anywhere.

He's grown pretty numerous since that autumn day when he blew over from—but here I have run up already against one of our own rules—from wherever he was in the beginning to where he is now.

In those merry days he consisted chiefly of an officer and a chair. Now he's—but here again I've hit that stone wall of G. O. 13 and must scissor my own remarks before they are made.

At least, though, I can say this: That today he is so numerous that he can keep one mess sergeant jumping sidewise three times a day, even after leaving to the tender mercies of a French *garcon*—who is so often of the other gender nowadays—all those parts of him that wear some species of gold or silver breastpin on the ends of their shoulder-blades.

During working hours and they are real working hours all day with the Base Censor—you can express yourself on his general subject quite safely anywhere outside his office, because that's the only place he is just then. But when the sad, illegible day is over, when he staggers forth from his den in the 19 different directions that the lay of the land—or does that give you forbidden information as to his whereabouts?—makes possible, better keep your opinions on him, and particularly the accent on that adjective, pretty silent. For he's likely to be almost anyone in an American uniform, from the owner of a pair of silver oak leaves to the private who hasn't earned the right yet even to call himself first-class, except in his own mind and in his letters home.

Any Language Goes

The mere fact that he speaks his English like a Hungarian goulash doesn't bar him, for *he* may be one of the experts in the "foreign language section" and just as censorious as the most college graduate of him. And after a long day, an honest, non-labor-union day, of straining his eyes over your scrawl, he who dreamed in those far-away days when he saw the Statue of Liberty go hull down on the horizon that he was coming over here to fight: there's a lot of that unused scrap vented up within him—it would sometimes need even less than an adjective to make him burst forth in his gory primitiveness.

His is a sad life at best—and it is mostly at its worst. Put yourself in his shoes—which are generally hob nailed even if the stony ways he has to plod are all enclosed within multi-colored envelopes.

Back in the States he raised his right hand because Uncle Sam had promised him a real, flesh-and-blood jab at the Kaiser. And here he is practicing all those bayonet drills, high thrust or low thrust, short jab or butt stroke—with a pair of scissors, against the bloodless penmanship of his fellow Yanks.

Do I hear you murmur from your dugout or your mudhole, "Soft! Pretty soft!" Don't kid yourself. Out there it may look that way—eatés just around the corner, street cars past the door, theaters just over on the boul'—but if I say much more you'll begin to suspect the village he is stationed in, and that would never do.

And They Don't Like It

It's true I've known him to slap himself on the back with just such happy thoughts when the C. O. called him in out at the front and showed him the order that transferred him from bayonet to scissors practice. But in about a week—or a month at most, if he's made of real, stern, cast-iron stuff—I haven't seen one of him who hasn't gone down on his hands and knees, with tears streaming down his manly O. D. shirt, figuratively at least, begging to be shipped back to the front line trenches.

Just to make a beginning, here are a few of the agonies he suffers daily:

"When you get a letter"—which we do the extent of about ten thousand a day—"just read it, scissor it or don't scissor it as the writer's temperament may require, and pass it on its way or don't pass it on its way, according to how much G. O. 13 sticks out of it," or words to that effect, are the Base Censor orders. Simple, absurdly simple, easy as falling off an artillery mule.

But suppose when you open an innocent looking Y. M. C. A. envelope addressed to Sing Song Hum of Quong Shing Quam Co., Mott Street, New York, you find it written on a kind of glorified tissue paper two feet wide and three yards long, covered from end to end, or rather side to side, with a sidewise flow of those pen-and-ink insanities that decorate the banners hanging before Chinese shops in the region mentioned? Will you sit down and read it; will you send to China for an interpreter; or will you conclude that the writer, for all his almond eyes, is as good and trustworthy an American doughboy as the picture of himself at port arms he encloses with the inky spasm indicates?

Job for Wun Lung Sing

Alas, censorship rules won't let us do any of those things. So, unless Wun Lung Sing makes up his mind to write in English and tell the old people back in Mott Street to get someone to translatee alle samee to them, he is in danger of being suddenly and unexpectedly detailed to the Base Censor's office—to read and censor his own letters, and those of the many good American sons of China that are coming over here with every transport load.

If you think the American soldier isn't a believer in, as well as fighter for, democracy, just cast your lamps over this letter from Pvt. So-and-So, Co. J Umty-umty Infantry, addressed to:

"Sa Majesté Catholique Alphonse XIII, Rol d'Espagne, Madrid." The writer, as you see, knows his Catholic Majesty's habits clear down to the town he is accustomed to wear his crown in; moreover, he can write in a genuine, up-to-date, honest-to-Francois French, which everyone knows his Majesty reads—even if they don't know that he also speaks English better than most of us in the Army. (I mean he would never, for instance, say *cavalryman* when he meant one of those birds who back in the dark ages used to sit straddle of a four-legged animal without horns, instead of wasting away in a swivel chair.)

Private So-and-so is writing these few lines to ask what has become of his brother Thus-and-So, who used to hang around his Majesty's kingdom somewhere or other. As we once had a letter from his Majesty ourselves—there we go, drifting into the royal and editorial we in spite of our best resolutions—we feel sure that Alph will ask Ena to mind the children a moment and sit right down and write Private So-and-So all about it.

Why Stop at Two Languages?

Just here our Polish-Russian-Bohemian-Serbian-Hungarian-etc., expert, who outside the office looks like any other simple doughboy, with nothing heavier on his mind than his new monkey cap, breaks the more-or-less silence with what from a less gentlemanly youth would sound like a cuss word. No wonder. He has just finished wading through a Polish letter beginning:

"Dear Sweetheart"—Oh, yes, they have 'em even in Polish; that's one disease no one seems able to escape, even with vaccination—"I am writing you just two lines to tell you that"—and continues to tell her the same thing in exactly 15 and a half closely written pages.

Now tell me the truth: If you were our Polish-Russian-Boh—and all the rest of it expert, would you save up that boob's address in the hope of meeting him some dark night out in No Man's Land, or would you, being of a soft and well disciplined disposition, just murmur, in Russian, or Serbian, or Bulgarian, or whatever language you happen to be thinking in at the moment, "Oh, *c'est la guerre*," and let the volume go on to her?

And before I can get that down one of our Italian artists—*si, signore*, we have a bunch of them, because Italian is the most popular language, with the exception of American and English, in this little old A. E. F. of ours—*viva la testa*—I mean, turns his neck and gives us a sample line from Private Giuseppe of the 36th Engineers, who writes something like this back to his wife in Little Italy, Hartford, Mass., three times a week:

A Transatlantic Tragedy

"*Mi Unico Pensiero* — My Only Thought: I do not understand why it is that we can never agree. We must be temperamentally mismated. I asked you for candy and here you send me chocolates. You—" but we don't mean to dip any deeper into such domestic tragedies.

And lastly, for today at least—here comes our distributor, his chest swelled out, but with a wet cloth tied about his head, crying boastingly, "Another language! That makes 48—"

But on closer examination we have to break the sad news to him that it is not so after all. It's only English—not exactly the kind of English all the A. E. F. writes—fortunately for the Base Censor and company officers—but the kind that a doughboy who originated in Russia uses.

If the Top is calling to you to fall in with rifles, belts, and hand grenades, better drop it here. But if you haven't anything better to do, except dodging an occasional shower of shrapnel, just give yourself a bit of practice in reading English as she is wrote somewhere out along the front line:

February 25, 1918.

"Dear brodher Jahan

am gara leder from ius lam glat iu notfigaret mi main fill puriwell nau al bin faif dels na front lain trenches dis taim heroim rest al narlar am bin tubizi two wik nogaram taim ralt leder tulu iu ralt leders stedy tumi al gon ralt tulr iu Jahan probli garat pikcher iurs luniform sen tu mi ai tek roblu main ai sen tutur wan my gara weder dis kontri nowerlbett luck lalk sprink taim my garat tudel turkiez diner in tobeko in clgarets fry gut lack tuir brodher."

There, I guess that will hold you for a week at least.

ECONOMY OF PAPER URGED UPON ARMY

Official Designations Will No Longer Appear on A.E.F. Letterheads

Save paper.

A new general order states in no uncertain terms that it is essential that all members of the A. E. F. shall, in their official capacity, exercise the greatest economy in the use of paper.

Official correspondence will continue to be conducted on paper of the required dimension, but the order adds that the economical use of paper will be enforced in memorandums, etc. As an earnest of the way the saving campaign is to be conducted, it is stipulated that hereafter official letter heads will be printed without any particular office designation, bearing only the words "American Expeditionary Forces."

It means, too, according to the order, that the printing of publications such as pamphlets, manuals, etc., which involves considerable expenditure of paper, will be allowed "only after due consideration has been given to the importance of the subject matter and the probable demands for its distribution." In other words, the need for such publication must be shown to be urgent before the necessary authorization can be obtained.

Sizes of Paper Available

For the benefit of field clerks, company clerks, hospital administrative forces, Q. M. people and others who have to use a good deal of paper, it is announced that the following sizes of paper will be kept in stock when practicable for supply to all organizations, and that other sizes will not be supplied except under special authority of G. H. Q.

Letter heads, sizes 8 1/4 x 10 1/2; original sheet printed; 2nd, 3rd and 4th sheets unprinted. Typewriting paper, legal size, 8 1/4 x 13; 1st, 2nd and 3rd sheets all without printing. Mimeograph paper, legal size, 8 1/4 x 13; letter size, 8 1/4 x 10 1/2. Note paper, size 10 7/8 x 8 1/4, folded once. Envelopes, penalty, white, size 3 7/8 x 8 7/8 and 4 1/8 x 9 1/2; for note paper, size 4 1/2 x 5 3/4, decorated with "American Expeditionary Forces," but without other printing; penalty, Manila, size 4 1/2 x 10 3/8, 6 1/2 x 10 1/2 and 11 x 14 3/4.

Soldier (with heavy marching pack): How far to camp, brother?

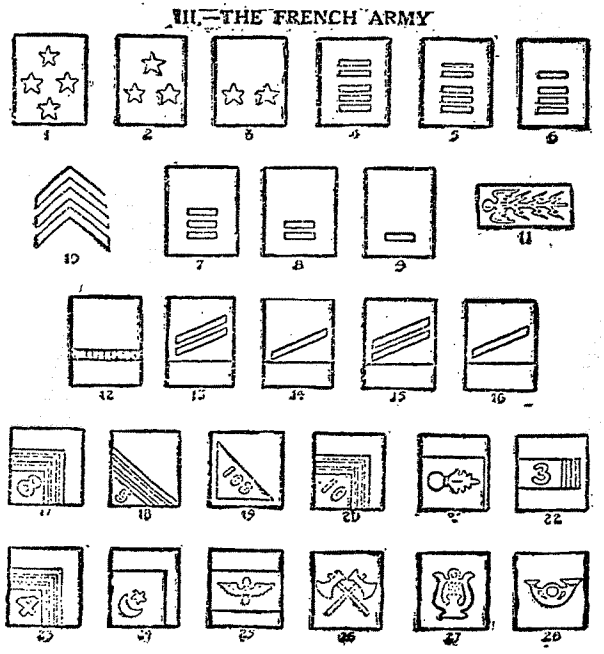
Sentry on duty: Four miles as the crow flies.

Soldier: Well, supposin' your crow's walkin' and's got a load like mine?

Der Kaiser had a little tank,
'ts guns were mounted well,
It went to scare der Yanks one day,
And got shot all to hell.

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

III.—THE FRENCH ARMY



If you don't know what a skeleton squad is, if you have never heard of the Loraine line, if you cannot recall the taste of slum, then there is possibly some excuse for your not knowing at least a few of the insignia of the French Army. You may be pardoned for not knowing them all, for there is a lot of them. But if you don't know some of them—well, how did you get by the eye test when you went up for your physical exam?

You ought to know Rule 1, which is that a French officer's sleeve bars are worn parallel to the cuff, while the non-com's are placed slantwise. That is the fundamental principle, and will save you, and probably has saved you from saluting sergeants and corporals.

You are also familiar with the trench chevrons, denoting length of service. You know that if a French soldier or officers wears six of them, he has been in the fight from the first crack.

You may be pardoned for not recognizing a general. Like our own generals, he can be distinguished by his stars—worn, however, on the cuff instead of the shoulder. The following table provides a key to the diagram:

Worn on the cuff.

1. General.
2. General of division.
3. General of brigade.
4. Colonel.
5. Lieutenant Colonel.
6. Major.
7. Captain.
8. Lieutenant.
9. Sous Lieutenant.
10. Trench chevrons. One denotes year's service at front, each additional chevron six months' additional service.
11. Collar device of general staff.

Non-commissioned officers' chevrons.

12. Adjutant. Band of black and gold braid.
13. Sergeant major. Chevron of gold braid.
14. Sergeant. Chevron of gold braid.
15. Corporal or brigadier. Chevrons of colored cloth.
16. First class private. Colored cloth.

Collar patches of branches of service.

17. Cuirassiers and dragoons.
18. Hussars and horse chasseurs.
19. Infantry.
20. Foot chasseurs.
21. Artillery.
22. Aviation corps.
23. Zouaves. Wear khaki instead of blue.
24. Sphais. Wear khaki instead of blue. Arm devices.
25. Aviation corps.
26. Pioneer.
27. Bandsman.
28. Trumpeter.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Hospital Manners

By BRAN MASH

Hospitals, which were thought to be so vulgar before August, 1914, have now become quite the rage, and are patronized by the best families of Europe and America. The better class of people, however, prefer not to patronize German hospitals, as the treatment accorded to visiting patients by their staffs is anything but polite and refined.

Since hospitals have become so popular, and their personnel has risen so in the esteem of the world of fashion, they have built up an etiquette of their own which far transcends the rougher code that sufficed for an earlier and less cultured day. Accordingly, those who contemplate visits to hospitals will do well to familiarize themselves with the rules of patiently deportment.

In the first place, never refuse an invitation to visit a hospital. You will regret it if you turn down such a chance. For broadening your mental horizon, for ridding yourself of useless physical appendages, for finding out about yourself and your construction and interior decoration scheme, hospital treatment cannot be beaten. Incidentally—quite incidentally—there are baths to be had there. A word to the wise—

Once in a hospital, conform to all its rules and regulations as far as is convenient and consistent with comfort. Never attempt to initiate the vulgar precedent of getting up at meal-time, and thus betray your base army origin. Insist on having all your meals served to you as you recline on your cot. In that way, and in that way only, can the *morale* of the personnel—male and female—be kept up.

Toadying is rightly looked down on in the line of the army, but in a hospital something closely approaching it may be tried with impunity. Be nice to everybody, from the Chief Surgeon down to the orderlies and back again. If you show appreciation of their treatment, and give them a lot of trouble (apologizing profusely for it all the while), the chances are that they will ask you to come again.

A good line to spring on your particular doc is, "Oh, you're Captain Blank, are you? Oh, I heard a lot about you in the States, I did. My sister's brother-in-law says he won't ever forget what you done for his horse!" That puts the medico entirely at his ease, and shows that you appreciate real surgery—when you hear about it.

Always discuss your ailments, upon every possible occasion; be sure to pitch your voice loud enough so that the gink down in the end of the ward can take it all in without having to strain his ear. Brag at all times about the amount of weight you have lost—particularly in the hearing of the nurse who has charge of the messing. If this is subtly done, it will procure you jellies, jams, confitures, marmalades, and so forth galore; plus much sympathy.

Try to dissociate your thoughts from the operation in hand when a dainty-fingered nurse insists on taking your pulse. Undue concentration of mind is apt to send your pulse beats up far too rapidly. Gaze off into space, at a blank wall or something; try counting sheep or overcoat buttons or anything. If she puts a thermometer in your face at the same time tilt it (the thermometer, not your face) at a rakish angle and pretend that you like it. Never cheat by warming the end of the thermometer with the butt of a cigarette when Nurse isn't looking.

Finally, pick the object of your hospital proposal—everybody makes one—very carefully. Wait until you are well out of ether before doing it, or you are apt to have a case of mistaken identity on your hands. Never propose to more than one nurse; nurses exchange confidence just like all other women, and you're apt to land in bad if your duplicity is discovered. Act as though you were going to propose to all of them, and keep them dancing attendance on you. In that way you will please everybody—and pleasing everybody is the mark of the truly gentlemanly patient.

OLD NAT GOODWIN IS AT IT AGAIN

Celebrated Husband Sued for Divorce by Fifth Mrs. G.

[By Cable to the Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—Not every thing in America is transformed by the war, and some of the good old national institutions go on in the same old way. Nat Goodwin, America's most celebrated husband, has been sued for divorce once more.

The action is brought by the beautiful Margaret Moreland, fifth in the series which includes the names of Eliza Weatherby, Nellie Baker Pease, Maxine Elliott and Edna Goodrich.

A certain piquancy is added to the now monotonous Goodwin chronicle by the fact that both he and Miss Elliott have been playing in different theaters in New York this winter, and that both he and Miss Moreland have been appearing together in a comedy which just happened to be called "Why Marry?"

Why, indeed! It is assumed that Mr. Goodwin will now get out a new edition of his memoirs, for, with exquisite and characteristic taste, he published a few years ago a rather intimate, though one-sided, account of his adventures in wedlock.

IT WAS NEW SOMETHING

An English and an American soldier were discussing the United States and both were agreed that it was a wonderful place.

"I've got a brother over there," said Tommy, "and he tells me all about it. Say, maybe you know him. He lives in New Jersey."

"That's so?" said the American, "what part?"

Tommy searched his pockets and produced a thumbed letter.

"He lives at—Ah, rats! It ain't New Jersey. He lives in New Mexico."

Recruit (in loud voice): Think it'll be safe for patrolling tonight?"

Old Sergeant: Not if we take you along.

L. Gros, Imprimeur-Gérant, 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris. Printing Office of the Continental "Daily Mail," Ltd.

AMERICAN CAMIONS AID IN BIG BATTLE

Trucks Carry Soldiers to Fight, While Red Cross Removes Civilians

VILLAGES QUICKLY EMPTIED

Inhabitants Taken to Safe Place First, With Loads of War Material Following

For almost an entire week during the second battle of the Somme, an American camion section, consisting of 200 big trucks, was on duty, hauling French soldiers from their sectors to the front. From 40 to 50 soldiers were packed in each of the trucks and hurried to the scene of the battle.

The roads were dusty, and the American drivers suffered, "eating the dust" of the cars ahead of them. But they stuck to their jobs day and night, and each day a return journey was made, thus giving the French a chance to have a new lot of soldiers ready for transportation each morning.

It required almost two hours for this big camion section to pass a given point. Traffic rules were in effect over the entire route, and little delay was occasioned in bringing up the reinforcements. In addition to transporting thousands of troops, the American camions also carried munitions and supplies, and they are still busy helping our Allies in meeting the emergency.

Ambulance Sections Busy

Many ambulance sections also worked in conjunction with the French Army during the attack, and many wounded soldiers were carried back in American ambulances.

The American Red Cross and its numerous workers and automobiles were busy behind the firing lines too, carrying on a vast work.

As soon as the German offensive started, camion and ambulance sections were hurriedly organized and rushed to the front. The ambulance drivers were assigned to the field hospitals and wounded soldiers were cared for at the various Red Cross hospitals stationed near the front, where Red Cross nurses awaited the arrival of the *blessés*.

Whole Populations Moved

In evacuation of the civilians and their personal effects, excellent work was also done.

Whole populations were moved from the danger zone to cities and villages far from the firing lines. After the people had been taken from the threatened cities and towns, work was started in the removal of valuable war material, the camion drivers working hand in hand with the French sections.

The American Red Cross had numerous stations in the section now occupied by the Germans, but all workers and the materials were taken out before the enemy could reach these places. The losses of the Red Cross were small, as the work was rapidly carried on. Only one automobile was lost in the entire district, this being in such poor condition that it could not be started.

The Red Cross not only removed the refugees from the various villages, but it also provided food, clothing and funds for those in need. Stations were established all along the line, and here the refugees were fed as they were being transported. French and English soldiers were served with hot drinks and sandwiches, also smokes, as they passed these stations, both going up and coming back from the firing lines.